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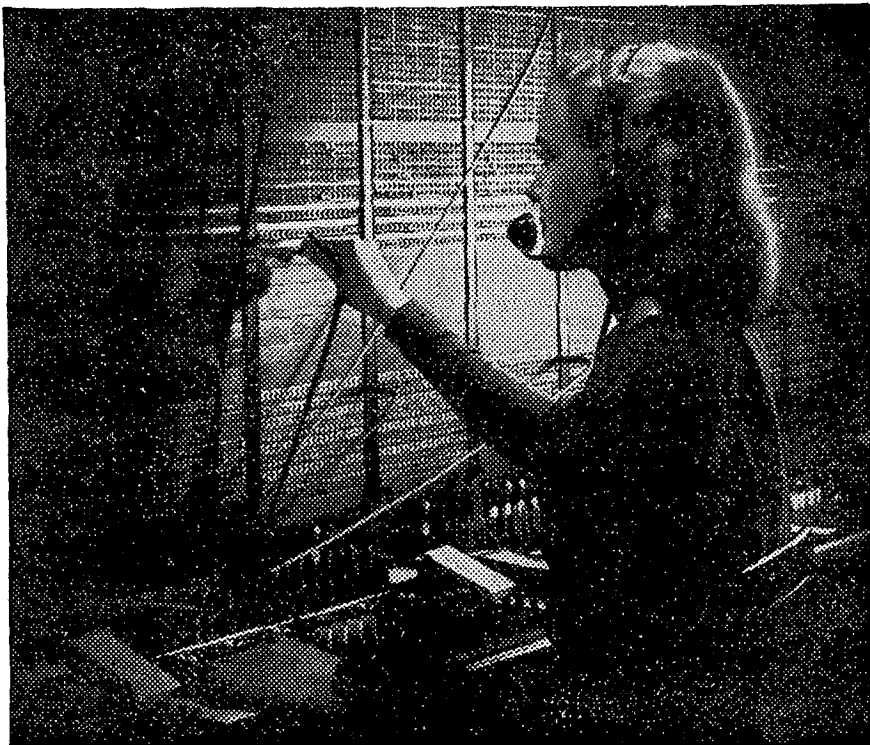
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THE CHECK LIST

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

SPEAKING FRANKLY, by James F. Byrnes. \$3.50. *Harper*. Here the former Secretary of State reveals a great deal of what went on at the various conferences and United Nations meetings he attended between January 22, 1945 (Yalta) and July 27, 1946 (the twenty-one-nation Peace Conference in Paris). The burden of his book is twofold: he was not always given the support he had expected from President Truman and others, and he became increasingly disillusioned with the Russian desire for cooperation. On the latter point he discloses that President Roosevelt was not unaware of the "apparent indifferent attitude" of the Soviet Union toward its pledged word, and that he had "grave misgivings about the future." Mr. Byrnes himself lays bare "the delaying tactics" of Russia in very great detail. He counsels that our policy toward Moscow should be made up of "firmness and patience." As for the veto, he says, "I deny that the Charter of the United Nations . . . can be nullified by a single vote of a permanent member of the Security Council." Member states are free to act and indeed are "morally bound to act, if there is a clear violation of the Charter." We and other members of the United Nations should "make it clear that we are determined, if need be, to defend . . . by force" the principles of law incorporated in the Charter. On the question of force, Mr. Byrnes is for a strong Army and Navy and for "some plan of universal military training. The force of an argument in an international conference is not lessened by the existence of military power at home." Mr. Byrnes writes, on the whole, with vigor and persuasiveness. A detailed index adds to the value of this obviously historic work.

THE PROPER BOSTONIANS, by Cleveland Amory. \$4.50. *Dutton*. This is an informal study of Boston Society by one who has a right to call himself a member of it. Somewhat rambling, a bit overwritten, it is nevertheless extremely amusing and probably says a great deal more about a dwindling group than a dozen hefty

(Continued on page 117)

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The American Mercury

WORLD COMMUNISM HAS PASSED ITS PEAK

BY
MARTIN EBON

ACCORDING to the headlines, the Communists have their enemies on the run. They know all, hear all, see all. Poor, honest but clumsy western democracy is supposed to be all thumbs when it comes to competing with the wily prophets of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism. It is true that Communism today is in a more powerful position than ever before in its one-hundred-year history. But the limitations of its strength are becoming more apparent every day.

There is trouble inside and outside the world-wide Communist movement. It is now more than two years since "American imperialism" became the main target of Communist

agitators from Iceland to Burma, and from New Zealand to Cuba. And what has their anti-Americanism got them?

It has got them a wave of anti-Communist sentiment in Western Europe. It has got them General Charles DeGaulle's triumphant return to the political scene of France as the champion of the anti-Communists. It has got them a complete reversal of their previously very favorable position in Latin America; a ban on the Communist Party in Brazil, a break of Soviet-Brazilian and Soviet-Chilean relations. Above all it has nearly emptied the reservoir of good will which the Soviet Union and its

MARTIN EBON is the author of *World Communism Today*, being published this month by Whittlesey House. He has worked for the State Department, the Office of War Information and the Foreign Policy Association. He is at present on the staff of the *Partisan Review*.

Communist followers throughout the world possessed after the war.

Until the summer of 1945 world Communism held all the aces. Riding high on a wave of Russian prestige, it was in a position to win millions of adherents in the democratic countries. Instead it launched a diplomatic and propaganda war on democracy. Communism went from a policy of the outstretched hand to a policy of the mailed fist.

It hasn't worked out. And there are Communists alert enough to see and understand this. Communists and their friends in the United States, in Italy, and in Latin America have openly — although with understandable timidity — expressed their doubts about the current policy. The Communist movement has been weakened by disagreements between individual Communist Parties, particularly in Europe. There are open cleavages inside a number of Parties, notably in Latin America.

It was disagreement between individual Communist Parties, as much as anything else, which led to the September Conference of nine European Parties in Poland, and to creation of the Belgrade "Information Bureau." Press reports and comment on this matter have been exceedingly superficial. When it was reported, on October 5, 1947, that representatives of nine European Communist Parties (guided, of course, by the Soviet Union) had agreed on a Bureau "for an exchange of experience and voluntary coordination of actions of the

various parties," there was a great deal of talk about a "revival of the Communist International," about a "new Comintern."

But the press missed, or slurred over, the most interesting feature of the meeting. This was the admission — in a formal statement issued by the Communist leaders of the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Poland, France, Czechoslovakia and Italy — that there had been serious disagreement between their parties. The nine-Party resolution specifically referred to the danger of continued "disunity among Communist Parties" and stated that "such division between Communist Parties is incorrect and harmful." The Secretary-General of the Polish CP, Wladyslaw Gomulka, had told the conference that "closer coordination of activity of Communist Parties" had become necessary. It was "on this question" and "having in view the negative phenomena produced by the absence of contact between Parties represented at the conference" that the Belgrade Bureau was formed.

The daily press and the wire services revealed a major lack of editorial astuteness when, in reporting creation of the Belgrade Bureau, they completely overlooked all these indications of serious trouble inside the Communist camp. Nobody realized that every one of the nine Parties present at the September Conference had quarrelled with at least one of its foreign counterparts. Let us examine these intra-Party disputes.

II

Tito's vociferous demands for Trieste have seriously hurt the Italian Communist Party, which was also denounced by the French CP for its stand on Trieste. The Yugoslav Communist régime has meanwhile had trouble with its Bulgarian counterpart, largely because Macedonian nationalists in the Yugoslav Communist movement have shown that they would dearly love to incorporate Bulgaria into Tito's so-called Macedonian People's Republic.

Hungary's Communists had two good reasons for participation in the September Conference. First, their leaders had come out openly against the expulsion of the Hungarian minority from Czechoslovakia, whose government is headed by Communist Premier Klement Gottwald. Second, nationalist elements in the Hungarian Communist movement have been trying to recover Transylvania from Rumania, which also has a Communist-controlled régime. The Czechoslovak Communists, too, have been at odds with their foreign comrades. In addition to their squabble with the Hungarians, they are trying to ward off demands by the Polish Communists, who wish to bolster their prestige among nationalist countrymen by annexing the coal-rich Teschen region. It is the Polish Communist Party which has proved to be the most ardently nationalist and most nearly anti-Russian in all of Europe.

All these conflicts are on an intra-

Party level. All of them affect a large nationalist element among the Communist rank and file. The Belgrade "Cominform" had to be publicly instituted, so that even the lowliest Party member or fellow-traveler in each country would understand that the interests of world Communism and of the Soviet Union are uppermost.

This nationalist confusion inside Europe's Communist Parties resulted from the policy adopted after the official dissolution of the Comintern in 1943. The basis of this policy is emotional nationalism and violent opposition to the United States. The establishment of the Belgrade Bureau did not change it one iota. It merely provided an opportunity to sharpen the anti-American policy and straighten out the differences among individual Parties on a regional European level.

Because there were no important changes made at the September conference, it is misleading to talk about a "new Comintern." To begin with, the phrase suggests that there had been a real break in the continuity of world-wide Communist operations. As a matter of fact, the Comintern simply had gone underground in 1943. The system then created — a system of regional decentralization — continues to exist. The new Belgrade Bureau is such a regional headquarters.

All through the past years, the activities of European Communist Parties have been coordinated on a regional level. Meanwhile, a number of

these parties have become government Parties. As Party and national interests merged, nationalist sentiment threatened to overpower Communist allegiance. That was why the Belgrade Bureau had to be created.

Throughout the world, identical regional systems have been functioning during the past few years. There is, for instance, not the slightest doubt that the Communist Party of Cuba acts as regional headquarters for the Communist movement in the Caribbean area and in some of the countries in the northern half of the South American continent. There is another regional headquarters in Argentina. The government of Chile confirmed this last October 9, when it expelled two Yugoslav Communists, charging that in South America

the revolutionary work of the international Communist organization is directed by a Latin American grouping that has its liaison center in the [Argentine] cities of Buenos Aires and Rosario, an organization that imparts instructions to the different Communist Parties of the Continent.

It is also known that Communist Parties in the Near East have their activities "coordinated" — to use the phrase of the nine-Party conference — in Beirut, where Mustafa al Ariss is Secretary-General of the Communist Party of Lebanon. Similar systems exist for the British Commonwealth and for the Far East. The Belgrade "Information Bureau" is the new headquarters for Europe, and is part of an older pattern.

But disunity among individual Parties is only one facet of the troubles which Communists have these days. The men who set the Party line have good reason to wonder whether it was so terribly clever, after all, to lay down a barrage against "American imperialism." The effect of this Communist policy in our Latin-American back yard has been to endanger the Party's once-great organization there.

Immediately after the end of the war, Communism south of the border was powerful everywhere. Cuba's Communist Party could claim 150,000 members. It was in complete control of the strong Confederation of Cuban Labor. It was so prosperous that it could pay out \$100,000 to buy the Havana radio station, *Diez Mil*, and set up a nationwide radio network. In Haiti two parties competed for the privilege of becoming Communism's local outlet. In Venezuela there were actually three groups which sought legal use of the name "Communist Party."

In Brazil, Luis Carlos Prestes was released after nine years in prison. He managed to build an organization of 140,000 members. The Communists became the largest party in Rio de Janeiro. No less than twenty-one Communist publications were being distributed from Pernambuco to Rio Grande do Sul. In Chile, Communists took over the Ministries of Communications and Public Works, of Agriculture, of Land and of Coloniza-

tion. The party shed its twenty-year-old camouflage as the "National Democratic Party," and Premier Gabriel Gonzalez Videla (whom 50,000 Communist votes helped into office) said that it was "an error to maintain that the Communists will bring destruction" to the unity of the Western Hemisphere.

In Peru, too, the Communists were able to abandon their underground existence. Hardly had Nazi Germany surrendered when the Communist Party began a new legal existence as the "Socialist Vanguard Party." The great red dawn was hemisphere-wide. Even the dictators jumped on the bandwagon. President Juan Perón of Argentina legalized the Communist Party and thus bought its support for his anti-American campaign and his ambitious Five-Year Plan. President Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic permitted the Communists to organize as the "Popular Socialist Party." For a short time even Paraguay's crypto-fascist President Higinio Morinigo assented to the legal organization of a Communist Party.

It was the same everywhere else in Latin America. Colombia's Communists obtained the first parliamentary seats in their history. In Ecuador, the Party supported the new government of José María Velasco Ibarra, from whom it expected great things. Communist leadership in the labor movement of Central America, from Mexico to Panama, was nearly undisputed.

But then the tide turned. At first, it was hardly noticeable. But when all

the stops were pulled out, when world Communism began its blatant all-out propaganda war on the United States, the change was rapid.

What is the situation today? In Chile President Gonzalez Videla no longer cares to be reminded of his election alliance with the Communists. He no longer wants them as partners in his government. Gonzalez Videla blames the Communists for the disastrous coal strike which hit Chile after he ousted them from his cabinet. Chile's police traced the orders for this strike to the Yugoslav Embassy. Chile then broke diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, with Yugoslavia and with Czechoslovakia. The nation's leading Communists were deported to sparsely populated areas, the local equivalent of Siberia.

Brazil broke relations with Russia in October, five months after it had outlawed its Communist Party.

Even the hemisphere's most powerful Party, the Cuban CP, has reason to be uneasy. Cuba's *Auténtico* Party, headed by President Grau San Martín, is battling Communist labor boss Lazaro Peña for control of the Confederation of Labor. Grau himself is looking for a way out of his parliamentary alliance with the Communists.

In Haiti, the "Popular Socialist Party"—which finally managed to get the endorsement of the Communist Caribbean headquarters at Havana—has become little more than a local discussion group at Port-au-Prince. The former Communist

Party, which had been headed by Episcopal priest Felix Dorleans Just Constant, was denounced from Havana as guilty of "infantile concepts," and has been dissolved.

The two out-and-out dictators, Morinigo of Paraguay and Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, have also reverted to their old intolerance of Communism — or, for that matter, their hostility toward anything that smacks of genuine opposition. Morinigo banned the Communist Party on the eve of the civil war which shook Paraguay for several months in 1947. Trujillo, who cracked down on his Communists in the fall of 1946, excited the whole Caribbean region last year when he claimed that 3000 "Communist revolutionaries" from Cuba, Venezuela, Guatemala and Puerto Rico were planning an invasion of the Dominican Republic from a Cuban port. There was a grain of truth in what he said, though the anti-Trujillo rebels were not Communists for the most part, and there weren't 3000 of them. In any case, the brief flirtation between Trujillo and the Caribbean Communists ended in complete estrangement.

Mexico's Communists face a serious crisis. Their party, led by the colorless and ineffectual Dioniso Enciñas, never amounted to much. It was able to claim only 25,000 members in 1947. Now, the formerly Communist-dominated Mexican Confederation of Labor is torn by dissent. The figure of Vicente Lombardo Toledano — the Communist's friend who is head of

the continent-wide Latin-American Confederation of Labor — stands in the center of a political-personal controversy. Toledano calls himself "a Marxist without a party." But the Socialist Party of Chile, the American Federation of Labor, and a lot of other people, have come to feel that Toledano is serving the Communists more effectively outside the Party apparatus than he could if he were a card-holding member. Recently, moreover, there have been rumblings of discontent inside the Mexican unions. Mexican Communism would be lost without Toledano. He is a colorful, forceful, *caudillo*-type of orator, who completely dwarfs the hapless Enciña. Toledano's new, fellow-traveling "Independent People's Party" (PPI) has created a wave of hostility.

In the southern half of the continent, a non-Communist revolutionary is making things tough for the Communists in Peru. The Apra movement, led by Victor Raul Haya de la Torre, has accepted American and Argentine investment capital in rebuilding Peru. The Communists have taken to calling Haya de la Torre a "traitor with fascist tendencies" who "plays along with Yanqui imperialism." But the Apra movement is in control and the Communists are powerless.

Across the border, Argentina's Communists, led by the veteran Comintern agent Rodolfo Ghioldi, have good reason to be jittery. Perón, who had hoped to counterbalance American influence by joining hands with the Soviet Union, has cooled con-

siderably toward Moscow. The trade relations which he expected to follow his recognition of the Soviet government in 1945 never materialized. Peronistas and Communists are openly fighting each other to gain control of the Confederation of Labor. Although the Communists have gone along with the Five-Year Plan and Perón's efforts to line up a bloc of nations around Argentina, he nevertheless denounced them as "political saboteurs."

Such setbacks have led to disagreements inside several Communist Parties. In Venezuela, the Party failed to win influence in the leftist democratic government of President Romulo Betancourt. Venezuela's Communists are split: the official "Communist Party" echoes the world-wide line of attacking all American efforts to achieve hemispheric solidarity; the so-called "United Communist Party," on the other hand, prefers a more conciliatory policy. Its leaders have been denounced as "Browderistas" (followers of Earl Browder, who was ousted from the United States Communist Party's leadership in 1945).

The worst split in any of the world's Communist Parties came into the open at the Colombian Party's conference last July 24. Communist Secretary-General Arturo Duran set up his own "Communist Workers Party." Gilberto Vieira White organized a competing "Colombian Communist Party." (Duran and Vieira had decided to go their separate ways after their party took a terrific beating in the March 1947 parliamentary elec-

tions.) Communist support was meanwhile drained away by Colombia's new left-wing Liberal party glamor boy, Jorge Eliecer Gaitan. He had made a deal with the Communists which provided for joint control of the Colombian Confederation of Labor.

But after the elections the Communists were virtually eliminated inside the unions.

IV

Latin-American trends have been paralleled by developments in Western Europe and the Far East. General DeGaulle's new Reunion of the French People won a sweeping victory during the municipal elections last October. Although the Communist vote was not reduced, the DeGaulle movement became the nation's largest party. As in the case of Brazil's ban on the Communists, DeGaulle's sweeping success means a swing to the right. Everywhere in the world, Communist truculence is playing into the hands of the ultra-right: Greece and China are the most obvious examples of this.

It was Socialist Premier Paul Ramadier who had originally launched the battle against French Communism. He had been embarrassed by Communist demagoguery on the issue of wage-control. French Socialists want to serve the workers who vote for them. But they are also economic realists. Ramadier had to favor wage controls as long as he wanted to hold the line on prices. The Communists

collaborated with that policy inside the Cabinet but opposed it, to make political hay at the Socialists' expense, outside the government. Where Communists are in full control, there are, of course, no strikes for higher wages; that holds for Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Czechoslovakia and other countries. Elsewhere, Communist Parties find it convenient to accuse their competitors of an alleged lack of interest in the workingman's lot. Ramadier finally got fed up with these tactics (and with the manner in which the Communists exploited the revolts in Indo-China and Madagascar), and he ejected the Communists from his cabinet.

The same thing happened in Italy. What Ramadier did in Paris, Premier Alcide de Gasperi did in Rome. It was a daring and dangerous decision. Italy's Communists received 57.2 per cent of the votes in last June's elections in the Italian Confederation of Labor. Moreover, the Socialist party of Pietro Nenni makes common cause with the Communists. Nevertheless, both the Communists and Socialists were ousted from the cabinet.

De Gasperi was forced to seek the support of a motley lot of center and right-wing parties. The Communist-Socialist combine remained powerful. But the Italian CP lost face by its participation in the nine-power conference. It had presented itself as a patriotic party with no outside loyalties. Anti-Yugoslav feeling runs high in Italy, and the Communists will suffer more and more from their par-

ticipation in the same "Information Bureau" that Tito belongs to.

Communist weakness has been revealed in Belgium. The party had been able to exploit the nation's split over the possible return of King Leopold. For nearly two years an incongruous situation prevailed. The Christian Socialists, Belgium's largest party, remained in opposition, while a precarious Socialist-Communist coalition ran the country with the help of the small Liberal party. But last spring the Christian Socialists decided to abandon Leopold, and they finally got together with the Socialists. Now Belgium has a stable government and the Communists are out in the cold.

Governments in exile are like blueprints without bricks. It is, therefore, hard to evaluate the importance of anything that goes on inside the Spanish government in Paris. This left-wing régime had the good will of most western nations. However, it was becoming painfully obvious early in 1947 that only the Monarchists inside Spain had maintained a unified opposition to Franco. After the Spanish Socialists' conference at Toulouse, last August, party leader Indalecio Prieto announced a decision: a government with the Monarchists, but without the Communists.

In the moderately socialist and thoroughly democratic Scandinavian countries, the Communists made enormous gains during the war. The first postwar elections showed that Communist strength in Sweden, Norway and Denmark had multiplied

many times. But Denmark's October 1947 elections cut the Communists' parliamentary strength in half; they also lost ground in Norway. Their influence had been diminishing since the line changed from Allied solidarity to anti-Americanism. The situation is similar in the Netherlands, and in uneasy, quadruple-divided Austria.

In the Far East, the period of disenchantment came a few months later than in Europe. In 1946, the Japanese Party's membership had risen from 10,000 to 60,000. Last Spring's elections in Japan cut Communist parliamentary representation in half. And the Social Democrats, who won a resounding victory at the elections, rejected all Communist offers of "unity of action" between the two parties.

China doesn't fit into this survey. The tug of war between Chiang Kai-shek's government and the Communists is almost entirely a military affair. On neither side do the people have much chance to express their preference, even assuming that they know what all the shooting is about.

Indo-China's revolutionary Viet Nam government is headed by the veteran Communist Ho Chi Minh. The rebellion he is leading is doubtless a reflection of wide public sentiment. But here, too, the issue is largely military.

Communism was never strong in the Indonesian Republic. The non-Communist, Socialist-minded government has taken the hurricane of rebellion

out of Communist sails. Communist leader Alimin, who was in exile until 1945, has little influence.

In Burma, on the other hand, European and Latin-American trends have been duplicated almost exactly. Burma's independence movement was developed with the help of two Communist leaders: Thakin Than Tun, and Thakin Soe. After the war, a serious split developed inside the Communist movement. First, Thakin Than Tun broke with the more extremist Soe. Then, Than Tun himself was thrown out of the over-all nationalist coalition, the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League. Aung San, the Freedom League's head, found in 1946 what Gonzalez Videla later discovered in 1947. "The Communists," Aung San said, "have dug their own grave." Then Tun answered: "Aung San has declared the Communist Party of Burma as his main enemy. It was the policy of the right wing compromisers to smash the Communist movement, to pave the way for a peaceful compromise." The Burmese Communists do not like the "peaceful compromise" which now assures Burma's independence within the British Commonwealth. When Aung San was assassinated by ultra-nationalists, the Freedom League continued his anti-Communist policy.

v

Britain's Labour Party knows Communist tactics well. Throughout the British Commonwealth, in the United Kingdom, Australia and New Zea-

land, the Communists clamored for "unity of action" with the Labour Party. Harold Laski, who certainly does not lack revolutionary sentiment, minced no words when he explained his party's position on cooperation with Communists. The "conspiratorial side" of Communist activity, Laski said, is designed to "destroy the very parties with which they seek alliance in order to command their own ends." Neither Mr. Laski nor Mr. Attlee desires to preside over the destruction of the British Labour Party. The British Communist Party had some 60,000 members in 1944. Membership dropped to 45,000 in 1946, and 33,000 in the summer of 1947.

American Communists were aroused, a few months ago, by an article which Philip Jaffe wrote in the final issue of his magazine *Amerasia*. Mr. Jaffe's magazine had faithfully reflected Communist views on Far Eastern affairs for several years. But suddenly, in the summer of 1947, Mr. Jaffe reexamined his stand. In a searching, detailed article he came out in favor of the policy of cooperation which had marked the wartime alliance.

Philip Jaffe sounded like a new man when he said that "the Soviet Union maintains that it is neither expansionist nor aggressive," but that "it is not easy for many Americans to accept this contention, particularly when they limit themselves to a consideration of recent events in Eastern European countries bordering the Soviet Union." The article continued on a

note of disenchantment. Jaffe denounced "extreme leftists" (the quotation marks are his, but it is not hard to tell whom he means!) who maintain that "American capitalism and Soviet socialism cannot coexist peacefully; that American capitalism is irrevocably bent on war." Those anonymous extremists, according to Mr. Jaffe, "favor bringing on the worst in the misguided belief that by some miracle the worst will produce the best — the worst in this case being world-wide destruction and misery."

The article also observed that certain "leftist theoreticians" had built up the argument that "it is in the nature of American monopoly capital to reject the Roosevelt policy" of living peacefully side by side with the Soviet Union.

But United States Communist headquarters would have none of such deviations. The Party's Sunday *Worker* took up the typewriter in defense of the unnamed "extremists" and "theoreticians" Jaffe was talking about. On August 24, 1947, the Communist Party's leading dialectician, Alexander Bittelman, accused Jaffe of being "entangled with Browderism" and an advocate of "vicious things which we must combat."

No, there would be no let-up in Communist attacks on the United States. Although the Party is suffering set backs, the Party line is never changed from below. Communism is losing ground today. And only a world-wide economic disaster can reverse this trend.

THE FINANCIAL PLIGHT OF OUR CITIES

BY SAM SHULSKY

THE mayor of the world's largest city slumped back in his swivel chair, collar unbuttoned, tie undone — a picture of complete dejection. He was complaining: "Poor New York, we're right back where we started from. They never gave me a money box when I got this job. What are we supposed to do?"

Mr. O'Dwyer was discovering that even the city's first billion-dollar budget — topped only by that of the Federal government — was inadequate to carry the growing relief load.

A reporter who covers another city hall, 3000 miles away, moved up to the microphone at a radio forum and declared: "The most important problem facing the city of Portland, Oregon, is money — how to get enough revenue to finance the operating costs of the municipal government."

A second reporter, from diagonally across the country, echoed: "The biggest problem facing Tampa, Florida, is finding a source of revenue sufficient to meet the demands for improvements . . . to provide more parks and playgrounds, to increase fire and police protection."

The newspaperman from San Fran-

cisco said the same; so did the representative from Worcester, Massachusetts.

In every corner of the United States, cities with populations ranging from ten or twenty thousand into the millions are having a tough time making ends meet. In 1947, a year of high wages and a history-making \$200 billion national income, a year in which businessmen and economists debated whether we were going to have a recession, our cities were already well along the downward path toward compulsory furloughs, scrip, or payless pay-days for employees, and the economy firings which marked the depression of the thirties. For even though municipal taxes are high, and collections are practically 100 per cent, the cities are running out of money. They are spending more than they are taking in. The American city today is making the transition to a new cost-of-living level and — like the individual business or consumer — isn't finding it easy.

Dallas is now spending twice as much as before the war to keep its house in order; Schenectady is spending 34 per cent more; Milwaukee, 69

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per cent; Los Angeles, 38.8 per cent. Bartlesville, Oklahoma (pop. 16,000) reports that municipal expenditures have risen 46 per cent *in the past year*. In the same time expenses have gone up 41 per cent for West Palm Beach, Florida; 31 per cent for Berkeley California; 20 per cent for Grand Rapids, Michigan; and 49 per cent for Miami Beach, Florida.

Atlanta, Georgia, in a recent fiscal report showed a deficit of nearly a half million dollars, due to higher material costs, higher salaries, expanded child care and other increased social services. Baltimore expenditures ran \$700,000 above income for just about the same reasons. Chicago's deficit was \$800,000; Cleveland's was \$3,400,000. Boston had a deficit of \$1,700,000 and its City Auditor, Charles J. Fox complained: "Like Banquo's ghost, the problem of securing sufficient revenues to meet the ever-expanding service demands on local government will not down. Everyone . . . is aware of the fact that the need for additional sources of revenue for municipalities was never more acute."

Last October the Municipal Finance Officers Association cited some grim examples of cities' financial plights. Some county prisons in Philadelphia, it said, have been imposing three meatless days a week since September. In St. Louis 700 municipal employees were discharged, garbage collections were cut from three to two each week and street lights are now turned off an hour earlier in the morning. San Francisco has city agents

scouting Federal surplus commodity sales in search of bargains. Hospitals, said the Association, have been hard hit in many regions because of the rigid diets of patients which do not allow for substitutions.

The newspaperman from San Francisco expressed the problem succinctly: "You can find an expert to solve every municipal problem — except how to raise more money."

II

A survey by the International City Managers' Association concluded: "It is harder now than in the depression to balance outgo with income."

The reasons for this difficulty are not hard to find. The prices of everything the city must buy have gone up during the last ten years. In its purchases of maintenance materials — steel, cement, wood, etc. — it has had to compete with private corporations which were able to bid whatever the market asked because they could pass the increased cost onto the buyer. Our biggest cities now pay anywhere from 85 to 100 per cent above the pre-war prices for their basic needs. The cost of building a sewer or paving a street has doubled, but neither yields a penny more.

The general cost of manpower has risen sharply; in some cases it has doubled. The cities have recognized this upward trend only grudgingly, and in some cases they have tried to ignore it. The result has been understaffed departments, low-quality personnel, poor morale — all spelling in-

efficiency and waste and greatly increased costs of doing business. In any case, municipal experts agree that salaries must go still higher if they are to reach the level of private industry. Even a severe business recession would bring little relief, because municipal salaries have even less flexibility on the decline than they have on the rise. 'Cutting officeholders' income has never been considered good politics.

A third burden added to the overloaded back of the city budget has been the necessity for increased services. During the false prosperity of the war years — when cities were unable to spend money for essential materials even when they wanted to — treasuries became comfortably plump. Advocates of increased social activity encountered no difficulty in adding new types of free education and other services to the budget. Health services were enlarged. Employee pension programs were initiated. Because of the increased number of women in wartime employment, extensive programs were set up for the care of the children of working mothers.

Probably the most imposing additions were made in community recreation facilities, on the theory that these made up in entertainment value for the enforced curtailment of motoring and other forms of travel. More than \$60 million was spent on these facilities, and new high levels were achieved in pre-school play centers, craft shops, little theatres and music projects. Thirty-two cities now support opera groups; 86 support sym-

phony orchestras; 642 support art groups. The number of tennis courts, softball diamonds, bathing beaches and swimming pools in use is the largest in our history; the number of recreation supervisors has nearly doubled. Chicago has even begun to worry about its alcoholics — at least about those on relief. Last June the city opened Portal House, a center for the voluntary re-education of those who manage to get drunk on the city's money.

Whatever the social value to be derived from these various programs, their effect on city budgets is clearly harmful.

III

Where is the money going to come from?

Under present tax-gathering formulas, revenue cannot go much higher. More than 65 per cent of the total income of cities having populations over 25,000 comes from taxes on real estate. And there has been precious little real estate added to our cities in the last six years. While it is true that assessments have been raised, the increase is often hedged about by political restrictions. Some states have imposed complex regulations for raising assessments, many of which involve years of legal red tape. Tax rates have also been increased, but these raises are almost always limited by state law. New York City, for example, has got to within several hundredths of one per cent of its three per cent maximum; in Ohio the

state legal limit is only one per cent. But even if there were room for increases in assessments and tax rates (as there is in some cities), the nationwide migration to the suburbs and rural areas would render this almost meaningless. Except for some large housing projects, improvements in city real estate have ceased, and higher evaluations for realty tax purposes has thus been made almost impossible.

The valuation base has also been reduced by the steady transfer of billions of dollars' worth of real estate in major cities to government, churches, schools and charitable institutions — all of which are tax exempt. The growth of the Federal government's activities has been a major contributing factor. Washington, D. C., of course, represents an extreme example, with 51 per cent of its land untaxable. But there are others not far behind. In New York City the value of exempt property is more than \$5.5 billion, which represents about one fourth of the total realty valuation in the city. Milwaukee exemptions total roughly one third.

Faced by this contraction in income and, like any white collar worker, unwilling to give up the comforts enjoyed during the lush war years, the average American city today is faced with the problem of learning to get along on less, or with raising more money — or with both.

The spirit of the times is more in keeping with the former task. And in isolated instances, especially where politics has been forced to yield to

common sense, some progress has been made. A steady attack on the state treasuries is gaining some ground; a greater part of the relief load is being transferred to the mother government. A movement is under way toward consolidation of municipal buying agencies, with the result that the departments of hospitals and welfare are no longer bidding against each other in the kitchenware market while the school system is so overstocked with the stuff that it has to hire warehouse space.

Other operating efficiencies have been instituted, or at least indicated to be desirable by a slowly awakening public opinion. In large cities the archaic and wasteful county bureaucracy is under steady and relentless attack, and the days of the sheriff, whose traditional duties are now cared for by a more efficient police force, are definitely numbered. Equality in assessment of real estate — or, more precisely, the removal of political influence from the assessor's office, has been pointed out more than once as a crying need. The last convention of the Municipal Finance Officers Association was told by Kansas City's director of finance, R. F. Agard, that "one of the chief obstacles to be overcome in the field [of property evaluation] is the fact that assessing officials are usually elected on a political basis rather than . . . appointed on the basis of their qualifications to administer a function of this importance. Favoritism shown personal and political friends and the penalizing of

political enemies are chronic faults.”

There has been a tendency to make the young but fast-growing suburb pay its own way in higher charges for water rates, for sewerage, for police and fire and health protection. The spirit of “make the old one do” has entered into civic thinking, and has resulted in many cities staying out of the currently high market for materials and manpower. Such an attitude, endorsed by the Minnesota Taxpayers Association, resulted in 60 per cent of the counties and 37 per cent of the cities postponing construction programs.

This spirit, of course, is only one aspect of a widening civic interest which, in typically American fashion, always slumbers through good times only to become fully awake and righteously indignant when the going gets tough. Chambers of commerce all over the country are now actively sponsoring pay-as-you-go committees aiming to purge the cities of the wild-spending buy-at-any-price spirit which has dominated many of their citizens. The committees are dedicated to proving that if cities paid for improvements as they were made instead of borrowing, they would be able to save anywhere up to 40 cents of their tax dollar. The inclination to put off until tomorrow the bills that should be paid today has, in the past, made for financial situations which make the “dollar down, dollar when you catch me” practice seem like conservative banking. Eighty years ago, the village of West Farms, New

York, borrowed \$249,000 at 7 per cent to build a plank road. Not wishing to burden themselves with all of this fiscal load, the town’s elders provided for leisurely repayment. The last of these bonds do not come due until the year 2148, in fact. It was a highly successful bit of financing — by 1868 standards — and the next year the adjoining town of Morrisania followed suit.

Today these towns are part of Greater New York City. But the Victorian bond issues linger on, to the extent of \$233,000, on which the city is dutifully paying 7 per cent.

Similar instances are plentiful all through municipal history, but the modern, forward-looking city today will have none of these methods. Syracuse, New York, decided that it could no longer live with a mortgage debt that consumed 38 cents of every dollar of income. In the seven years before 1945 it cut its debt from \$37 million to half that figure. By 1948 this will be down to \$8 million, and thereafter Syracuse will make improvements only on a pay-as-you-go basis. Its neighbor to the west, Rochester, has also taken the pledge, and to implement it has deferred large improvement outlays until 1950. Scarsdale, New York, last year also made the switch to pay-as-you-go, and instead of hiding improvement costs under a bond issue, added them openly and forthrightly to the tax bill, boosting it \$1.30 per \$1000 of valuation, but saving an ultimate \$300,000 interest bill.

IV

Obviously this spirit of self-denial, of revoking the old adage, "what is the concern of everyone is the concern of no one," can work out only where the citizenry is aware of what is going on. This presupposes education for adults through formation of taxpayer leagues, and for future taxpayers through tax education in the high schools and colleges. Public administration classes have become increasingly popular. Cities as far apart geographically as Philadelphia and Wichita are now stressing civic planning in the public schools. Children in Wayne, Michigan, learned their hometown problems by enlisting in a door-to-door survey of the population, asking questions of both fact and opinion on the city's activities. New York state, recognizing that public service is more a science than a political reward, has set up a university program, footing the bill for scholarships. The city-manager form of government has been instituted in an increasing number of communities and, where it has managed to keep free of politics, has done a good job of restoring efficiency in civic matters.

But not all the American city's past mistakes, nor its inevitable future needs, can be economized out of existence or into the budget — even when the citizenry is aware and willing. And so the average city today is sadly looking for new taxes to levy — an unpopular job at any time and particularly so now, when the tax-

payer has become budget-minded and penny-wise, and thinks his government should forget its wartime profligacy and return once more to the copy book maxim about a "penny saved . . ." Because of this popular distaste for new taxes, the search for new methods of raising revenues has been far from dignified at times. Looking over the list of recent additions to the municipal tax list, it becomes apparent that many of them were imposed by legislators whose principal interest was to hurt the fewest people and cost the fewest votes. There have been few signs of any full-scale overhauling of municipal tax structures.

New York's proposal of a \$5 tax on autos and \$10 tax on trucks was greeted with such a storm of protest that it was withdrawn. On the other hand, the pari-mutuel tax has succeeded since no one, apparently, will speak up in defense of race-track habitués.

Other cities have resorted to charging for services which have been considered, heretofore, inalienable rights of city dwellers. For example, more than 130 cities of 10,000 population and over now make an average charge of 60 cents per family per month for refuse collection. Others exact a sewerage fee based on the amount of plumbing in the house.

In still other centers, the old proverb has been twisted to read: "by their taxes ye shall know them." Gardena, California, (pop. 9319) found that a table-tax imposed on card clubs bolstered revenues hand-

somely; income from this source now exceeds that from general property taxes. In Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, bowling is evidently the more popular pastime, and the city fathers there have cut themselves in for a penny a game. Chicago collects \$50 a year from each juke box. Rainier, Oregon, levies \$100 a year on each pinball machine.

It is not likely that any of these tariffs will find nationwide acceptance. Certainly none seems to fit into a constructive, all-embracing formula for restoring our cities to balanced budgets. It may be that what is lacking is a realistic social and economic concept of the city of today — an approach which takes into consideration the fact that the American city has changed in the last decades.

It is no longer a "walled town" — providing paved streets, sewage disposal, large stores and theatres — in the midst of an agricultural area. While it is itself losing population, better transportation is making it a focal point in the lives of more people within the area it dominates, whether these people live strictly within its legal boundaries, in its suburbs, or fifty to one hundred miles out, in its satellite villages and farming country. In one way or another, all the people living around a large city today are citizens of that city; they are dependent upon it in varying degree for their livelihood, medical care, education, shopping and entertainment. And therefore they are liable in the same degree for its upkeep.

Dr. Mabel L. Walker, director of

the Tax Institute, Inc., and a leading student of our cities, speaks of these people as part of the "fluid population" of the modern city. Some commute to it every day to earn a living. Some — artists, writers, and others who need not keep strict office hours — may come in only twice or three times a week. The egg farmer may come in only once a week; his wife once in two weeks. All, however, derive some benefit from the city's existence — a value for which, at present, they pay nothing. They leave it to the city dweller to foot the bill alone for the intra-city transportation, improved streets, parking facilities, police and fire and health protection enjoyed by everyone who comes to the city. New York City, for example, is struggling with an annual deficit of more than \$80 million on its subway system — a deficit now made up by taxes on local real estate. But the vast army of commuters who pour into the city daily continue to drop their nickels into the turnstiles in return for an eight-cent ride, leaving the city government to pay the difference. Even those cities with sales taxes exempt the visiting shopper from paying it if he is smart enough to ask the store to deliver the purchase to his home in the suburbs. The native, however, who is already paying a real estate tax to support a big shopping center, is nicked for the sales tax too.

Those who hold to this "fluid population" theory argue that the only way to tax those who at present escape their share of supporting a metropolis

is to levy taxes against whatever use they make of it. First of all, they would impose a tax on commutation, whether by train or by private car — the latter in the form of highway tolls — on the obvious premise that the suburbanite and farmer wouldn't come into the city if it weren't for their own good to do so.

An even more important proposal is the municipal income tax — a horrid phrase but one which will be heard with increasing frequency. Two cities have been imposing it with remarkable success — Philadelphia since 1940 and Toledo since 1946. Both take one per cent of all salaries, wages and net profits earned in the city, at the source. It has proved of considerable help. Toledo, which had been tied down by Ohio's \$10 per thousand real estate tax ceiling, is now one of the few municipalities in good shape in that

state. In its first year the income tax provided \$4 million, lifting the city out of the red after fifteen years of chronic deficit.

It appears as though everyone who has any contact with the city will soon be forced to swallow the same pill. There is no denying that it will be a bitter one and will meet determined opposition wherever it is proposed. Already the citizens of one city — St. Louis — have succeeded in defeating in the courts a one quarter of one per cent tax on the earning of individuals and corporations.

But defeating a proposed tax is only the first half of the problem. Providing a substitute form of raising revenues is the second, and it is much more difficult. The ultimate solution to the growing problem of financing our cities seems to lie in taxing all those who make use of them.

PHRASE ORIGINS—23

SQUARE-SHOOTER: *In attempts to win at dice, gamblers have used many different kinds of dishonest cubes. Not all crooked dice are "loaded": many of them are imperfect cubes, which guarantee the user that certain combinations will appear — not every time — but more often than could be expected with honest dice. These imperfect dice can be shaped so that any combination will appear, over the long run, whatever per cent of the time the user desires. One company which manufactures them advertises blandly that, "All our Shaped Percentage Dice represent a degree of perfection that will please the most critical. Regularly supplied 5, 10, 15, 20, 30 and 40 thousandths (of an inch) off. Always state strength desired. . . ." Ever since the days of Shakespeare, a perfect, or honest, die has been known as a "square die," or a square, and the honest dice-gambler has been called a square-shooter. This phrase was especially widely used in America during frontier days, and has since come to mean almost anyone who plays fairly or has integrity. Incidentally, the square in square-shooter is a noun, and not, as most people believe, an adjective.*

DAVID W. MAURER and EVERETT DEBAUN

THE BANK THE JAMES BOYS DIDN'T ROB

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

THE pleasant village of Northfield, Minnesota, is, as its citizens like to inform the visitor, the proud home of Carleton and St. Olaf colleges; it is also the Holstein Center of America, with no less than 10,000 head of that excellent breed of horned cattle; it possesses too, the Oddfellows' State Home, ten churches and a golf course.

Northfield is old by midwestern standards. It was settled in 1855 by a group of New England people, and these early Yankees set the character of the place. It still prevails in the midst of thousands of Norwegians. Because of this character, on the seventh of September, 1876, Northfield became a town in the American legend.

It was at Northfield that the celebrated James-Younger gang broke, as the saying has it, its pick. They broke it on the flinty character of men who did not propose to permit their First National Bank to be robbed. Nor was it robbed. In seven seething minutes that clouded the street and village square with the blue haze of exploding powder, the enraged Yankees made history. They killed two on the spot, wounded four, and permitted only two to escape.

And lest present-day descendants of the First National's defenders for-

get, there reposes in a fine plush-lined case in a Northfield home, a relic which I had the honor to see recently — the right ear of one of the raiders, now desiccated and brown as an autumn leaf, but patently an ear.

On its great and wonderful day, Northfield drowsed in the welcome noontime warmth of typical September weather. The melancholy haze of fall hung over the surrounding fields as cicadas ground out their sad farewell to summer. Mild heat waves shimmered around the gristmill and sawmill along the banks of the Cannon River that meandered through the village.

During the noon hour, five strangers, all mounted, all wearing long linen dusters, ate dinner in a restaurant on the west side of town. Presently, three of them rode across the bridge and dismounted in front of the First National Bank. Leisurely, they strolled to the corner and sat down on some dry goods boxes outside Lee & Hitchcock's store. The trio were, probably, Charlie Pitts, Bob Younger and Jesse James.

Just before two o'clock two more strange horsemen, Cole Younger and Clel Miller approached the First National from the south, whereupon the trio got off the packing boxes and

went into the bank. Thereupon, Miller, dismounting, closed the door of the bank. Cole Younger also dismounted and pretended to be fumbling with his saddle girth.

At this moment J. S. Allen, a hardware merchant from his store around the corner, came upon the scene to deposit some money. Before he could get to the bank door, Miller grabbed him. "Stand back," he commanded. Merchant Allen, a man of quick perception, jerked free and ran for his store, shouting: "Get your guns, boys, they're robbing the bank!"

At that instant young H. M. Wheeler, sitting on the steps of his father's store, across the street from the bank, leaped to his feet and gave cry. "Robbers!" he shouted.

As young Wheeler gave his shout, robbers Clel Miller and Cole Younger jumped to their horses and started to ride up and down the street, yelling like Comanches, shooting at everything that moved. As they rode, they were suddenly joined by three more horsemen who came out of nowhere — Frank James, Bill Stiles and Jim Younger — also riding, shooting and yelling.

The sleepy street came to life, swift and terrible, as astonished townsmen made for cover, while bullets broke windows and ricocheted from stone buildings in long mean whines that sang of death. Down went Nicholas Gustavson, a Swedish immigrant, a bullet near his heart.

Captain French, the postmaster, looked out upon the astounding

scene. He locked his doors, then started searching for a weapon. None was at hand. So he stepped into the alley behind his place, picked up an armful of sizable rocks, and started heaving them at the two-gun wild men. This neolithic artillery fire was strengthened as Elias Hobbs and Justice Streeter joined him.

II

Meanwhile, the three raiders inside the First National were encountering a marked lack of cooperation from the bank employees. As they entered, Teller Bunker stepped forward — to peer into the tunnel-like openings of three pistols. "Are you the cashier?" demanded one of the strangers.

"No," said Teller Bunker.

One of the guns waggled at Joseph Heywood, behind the counter.

"Are you the cashier?"

"No," said Mr. Heywood, a book-keeper who was acting-cashier.

Nor would the assistant book-keeper, Mr. Wilcox, admit to being the cashier. It was an impasse new to the raiders. But something had to be done at once; the uproar outside in the street was growing by the moment. The robbers climbed over the counter. One of them indicated Heywood. "You're the cashier. Open up that safe, damned quick."

"I can't, it's got a time lock." The robber belted Heywood over the head with his gun, felling him. Then he turned on Wilcox and Bunker, but these two also insisted on the fiction of the time lock.

Bunker and Wilcox had been compelled to get down on their knees on the floor. But suddenly Bunker took a chance: he jumped to his feet and tore through the directors' room to the rear door of the bank, one of the robbers close behind, shooting. The second or third shot caught Bunker in his right shoulder. But he was now in the alley.

Bunker's pursuer ran back into the bank. Wilcox was still down on the floor. Heywood was staggering to his feet, bleeding. Shouts and shooting outside indicated the street battle was going badly for the raiders. The three inside bandits started to get out. As they departed one of them stepped close to Heywood and wantonly drilled him through the head.

The battle in the street had indeed been going badly for the men in the linen dusters. For one thing, young Wheeler, who had been sitting on the steps of his father's drugstore opposite the First National, had gone into action. He ran into the Dampier Hotel next door, laid hands on an old Army carbine, then took up a fine position at a second-story window.

Storekeeper Allen, who had been prevented from entering the bank, high-tailed around the corner to his hardware shop and proceeded to pass out guns and ammunition from his stock. The embattled farmers of Lexington rallied no more quickly than these Yankees transplanted to Minnesota. Dashing into Allen's place, and coming out armed with shotguns, were Elias Stacy, Ross Phillips, John

Hyde and James Gregg, loading as they ran for the scene of battle.

The action of the battle was swift, and brief. Clel Miller was just mounting his horse. Stacy let him have it, and a handful of buckshot bloodied the bandit's face. But he managed to get up on his horse.

Now came Northfield's other hardware merchant, A. R. Manning, be-whiskered as Moses. He shot the horse out from under one of the raiders, then dropped back around the corner to reload. He returned to the street of battle an instant later and shot Cole Younger, inflicting a bad wound. Again, Manning dropped back to reload, then resumed his firing position. Taking good aim, he shot raider Stiles dead — right through the heart.

Young Wheeler, peering down at the street battle from the upper floor of the hotel, now opened fire. His second shot finished Clel Miller, who was dead when he hit the ground.

Out of the bank charged the three robbers to run into salvos of buckshot, bullets and stones. It was evidently time to get out of Northfield.

The six remaining raiders were now in flight, two of them badly wounded. In front of the First National lay the dead horse. A few feet away was Clel Miller's corpse, pouring blood into the thick dust of Division Street. A few yards beyond lay Bill Stiles, dead. On the plank sidewalk lay poor Nicholas Gustavson, the innocent bystander, who was shortly to die. Inside the bank lay the remains of brave Joseph L. Heywood. ("Faithful

Unto Death," says the bronze plaque marking the spot.)

The battle had lasted seven minutes; the bank's funds were intact.

III

The raid was over, but not the hue and cry, for the telegraph office at Northfield was clicking madly with the greatest story Rice County was ever to send out. Throughout southern Minnesota farmers and townsmen left their work until there were more than a thousand possemen. But the six outlaws hid in the Big Woods, the long strip of mixed hardwoods that marked the region, moving on foot.

It was not until two weeks later that more shots were fired. Spotted by Oscar Suborn, a young Norwegian farmhand, four of the fugitives were soon hemmed in between the Watonwan River and a steep bluff. This was in Watonwan County. Firing again at 30 feet, one outlaw was killed outright, the other three wounded.

The three wounded outlaws were locked up at Faribault for safekeeping. The body of Charlie Pitts, the dead outlaw, was permitted to fall into the hands of a medico, who removed the right ear, which relic in 1947 is the cherished possession of old Bill Schilling, Northfield's most eminent character. Old Bill also has the old First National safe, a bar-and-padlock job — with no time lock.

The capture of the three Youngers, the killing of Pitts, and the two dead raiders back in Northfield accounted for all but two of the gang. Those

two were almost certainly Frank and Jesse James. Frank had a badly shattered foot from the Northfield battle. He and Jesse had broken away from their fellows. The two moved fast, traveling day and night on stolen horses, and turned up, on the seventeenth, in what is now South Dakota. There they took prisoner Dr. Sidney Moshier, of Sioux City, Iowa, from whom they obtained medical aid for Frank James' wounded foot and leg.

The two James brothers then rode on, crossing the Missouri River at Springfield, and continuing as far as Columbus, Nebraska. Here they sold their horses, "took the cars for Omaha," and from there went straight to their native hangouts in Missouri.

The Younger brothers served long terms in the Minnesota penitentiary at Stillwater. Bob died in prison in 1889. Jim and Cole were paroled in 1901, and the former committed suicide. In 1903 Cole was granted a pardon. He later teamed up with Frank James in a Wild West show, and died in bed on March 21, 1916.

Jesse James, as almost everybody ought to know, was shot and killed by one of his own gang in 1882. Frank James lived well into the present century, dying of natural causes.

The James boys, however, were never the same after the Northfield raid. They were virtually cured of hankering after banks. They did stage one train robbery in 1879, two more in 1881; but most of the time they remained in hiding. Northfield had been their supreme disaster.

FRANCO'S SPAIN

BY MELANIE L. PFLAUM

OUR fellow passengers were sleeping soundly, when the gray-haired physician took the empty seat next to me on the plane. I had known him in Madrid, but obviously he didn't remember me.

"Dr. José Orgaz, at your service," he announced. "I am returning from a medical meeting in New York. Superb city! American colleagues entertained me in their homes, presented me to their wives. Delightful. Your first visit to Spain?"

I remained silent, preferring not to mention that I had lived in Spain for ten years, borne my two sons there and kept house for my newspaperman husband during the siege of Madrid by General Franco. Now, in 1947, I was about to revisit the country.

But Dr. Orgaz went on talking. "But those American newspapers — full of lies about Spain! You will see for yourself. In Spain everyone is happy. There is law and decency. No one — that is, no one except assassins and murderers — is molested. The Spanish people are good but primitive. They never know what they want. Franco does what is good for

them." (The good doctor said *gente* — it means the masses, which excluded him.)

I nodded. Later, I learned he was returning to Spain, bitterly disappointed because an offer of an appointment in a New York hospital he'd counted on hadn't been forthcoming. He'd given me the party line I was to hear from dozens of Spaniards who, from conviction or self-interest, uphold the Franco régime.

But the people I looked forward to seeing in Spain were not these.

Miguel met me at Barajas airport in Madrid. He was thinner and more tired-looking than he had been when I last saw him in Barcelona. It was nine years since I had urged him to drive with me into France. I had a car, a chauffeur and enough gasoline.

"They'll shoot you — you know they will. The whole Aragon front has collapsed. The government's in Figueras already. There's nothing more you can do here. You could get a job in an American University."

"No, my dear friend," he said, "New York doesn't need another

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Spanish Republican. But Spanish Republicans will be needed in Spain."

They didn't shoot him. He spent nearly a year in a fifteenth-century dungeon with fifty other prisoners, most of whom were eventually taken out and shot. He was brought to trial and accused of treason (for defending the legally-constituted government of Spain against armed insurrection). He was held not guilty for the excellent reason that his father had been the judge's classmate at the University of Santiago de Compostela.

Since then, he'd written letters that said little but implied a great deal. A Christmas card said, "We've no bread, rice, olive oil, meat, fish or tobacco, but we do have Christmas cards." When I had sent him food, he replied, "Please don't send me any more things. They shrink so in this climate, that when they reach me hardly anything is left." (By "shrink" he meant "stolen.")

I left Madrid a shattered and doomed city. I returned to find her lovely as ever, the scars of warfare obliterated, the citizens apparently well fed and prosperous, shop windows filled with attractive merchandise. There was an air of tranquillity and order. Was the doctor right?

When we passed the Communications building in the Cibeles, Miguel and I looked up to see the flag at the top. Here Miguel had raised the first Republican flag in 1931. King Alfonso was in his palace then, trying to decide whether or not to leave peacefully.

Miguel's flag had been seen by the

crowds below who thought the Republic had already been declared. They milled around the palace, shouting "Viva la República!" Alfonso heard them and decided the Monarchy was finished.

Now Miguel shook his head, gloomily. "Even under old Primo de Rivera, Spain was never so badly off."

Franco was making a triumphal tour of Spain and the principal streets were filled with signs displaying Franco's name, repeated three times. The posters said one should love Franco because he'd rescued Spain from the Red terror, because he'd kept it out of the Second World War and because he was protecting it from Russian aggression. Under the enormous posters with their triple Franco, Franco, Franco, certain movie advertisements had been placed, strategically. Miguel and I watched workmen busily scraping off these ads from the walls of buildings. They were superintended by the police. The films thus advertised were: *El Enemigo Publico Numero Uno* (Public Enemy Number One) and *La Grande Illusion*.

II

I had a thousand questions to ask Miguel and the first was: What had happened to the *pandilla* of the Café Brazil? We had known five men there who were not only our closest and best friends in Spain; they were the kind of people who had brought in one Republic and would do it again — if it could be done.

In those days, the clients of the

Café Brazil received a special brand of coffee (very strong and black) and a well-defined political climate (Young Idealistic Republican).

The *pandilla* (Miguel, Carlitos, Ramón, Manollo and Sanchez) met at the Brazil after supper every night. My husband and I became part of the group after their objections to a woman had been overcome. Once, they took us along on their five-day binge at the Fiesta of San Fermin, in Pamplona, where our intellectual young friends risked their Republican necks running before the bulls to the arena.

These five were Girondists of the Spanish Republic. A century and a half later, Spain was recapitulating the history of the French Revolution. Our young friends believed they were bringing an Age of Reason, a Period of Enlightenment into the quasi-feudal Spanish order. If you treated people decently, they thought, they would behave decently.

Of the five men in our *pandilla*, four are alive. Sanchez, the poet, was taken from his house in Malaga and shot by masked men. I wanted to see the other four who, Miguel explained, were scattered across Spain.

Miguel left me to attend a ceremony. Eva Perón was to receive a Doctor's Degree at the University of Madrid, and attendance by the faculty was mandatory. Sra. Perón had just arrived in Madrid. Miguel told me a story concerning her arrival.

Eva Perón came to the Caudillo's Palace for a formal reception with

General Franco. As she made her way down the red carpet to the entrance, several persons in the crowd shouted "*Putá! Putá!*" (whore) at her.

Old Moscardo, former Chief of Staff, greeted her. "And how do you like our capital, Doña Eva?"

"Oh, it's lovely, lovely," she replied. "But just now some people shouted '*Putá*' at me!"

"Oh señora, don't mind them," replied Moscardo. "I retired from the army twenty years ago and they still call me '*General*.'"

Miguel is a chemistry professor. He earns the same salary he earned seven years ago. His expenses have risen five to six hundred per cent. Most of the best professors in history, literature, political science and biology are in exile, teaching in Mexico and South America. Falangist professors become department heads and hold the administrative jobs.

University professors are worse off than secondary school teachers, who are well paid and well treated. The Minister of Education, José Ibañez Martín, was once a secondary school teacher himself. Besides, the adolescent period is more important, politically. In Spain, by the time a boy gets to the University, he is either already a Falangist or is not likely to become one.

Miguel is not primarily concerned with his shabby clothes, his dreary apartment or the dull, inadequate diet. He worries about the slow and, he says, deliberate sterilization of thought and creative work in the

Spanish universities. "Mediocrity and a Falange card are all you need to succeed," he said. "Of the two, mediocrity is more important. Originality or independence is penalized — not just in political thought, but in all fields. We are falling so far behind the rest of the world, it will take a century to catch up."

Last winter, Miguel supplemented his meagre income by doing research for an American journalist. They checked official statistics on public health and discovered that physicians had learned not to give starvation as the cause of death, but to list secondary causes, such as tuberculosis or anemia. They found that the official figures were sheer fantasy. The American announced he would write about this finding; Miguel said it would be dangerous.

"They can't do anything to me," the journalist answered. "I'm an American." Miguel was too polite and too Spanish to say *he* was not an American and they *could* do something to him.

A few days later, Miguel realized he was being followed. He stopped in front of a store in the Plaza del Sol. "I figured they wouldn't create a disturbance in such a crowd. So I pretended to be looking at the shop window. The detective showed me his badge and asked for my credentials. I gave him my papers. Probably none of the people who passed by knew what was happening. Those chaps were trained by Himmler's men. They do things quietly.

"I taught my classes that day, but when I went home I burned all papers that might be objectionable. Three days later, the security police came. They went through everything."

"How inefficient! That doesn't sound like the Gestapo," I noted.

Miguel's thin, El Greco-like face lit up with a strange smile. "If I didn't have friends, I'd have been dead a long time ago. The security police raided my place *three days* after I was stopped on the street. This may be Latin inefficiency. Or it may not. Do you understand?"

I was trying to.

III

The terror in Spain is local and sporadic. In Madrid, no one talks politics or criticizes the government in public. (More than half the cafés are gone since Madrileños can no longer indulge in this, their favorite sport.) But in Barcelona and Seville, people loudly repeat the latest jokes about Franco.

Since my visit coincided with Franco's triumphal tour, there was a fresh batch. The latest told of a plane trip.

Franco, his wife and daughter are flying over Extremadura.

"What a poor country!" says Franco, "I think I'll throw ten pesetas out of the window and make some Spanish family happy."

"Why not twenty pesetas, to make two families happy?" suggests Señora Franco.

"Throw a hundred pesetas and make ten families happy!" urges Señorita Franco.

At this point, the pilot joins in: "Why

don't you throw yourself out of the window and make *everybody* happy?"

The desirability of getting rid of Franco is one thing Spaniards are agreed upon. A nonsense song that goes, *Que se va el caiman!* (Have the Alligator Go Away!) was prohibited, because the alligator came to mean Franco. The popularity of the song was embarrassing the régime.

In Barcelona, I found Ramón. He is a civil servant, with a salary of nine hundred pesetas monthly. (Falangists doing the same work get four thousand with bonuses.) Ramón's salary supports him, his wife and child for almost a week. For the rest, he gives French lessons, is night watchman in the ministry where he works by day and makes tooled leather purses and belts for novelty shops.

Ramón, tall, blond and handsome, comes from Navarre. "I was working in the ministry when Franco's troops came to Barcelona. The day they marched in I stayed home. The Falangists were dragging people out of their houses and shooting them. I knew they would shoot me if they found me. But they didn't. Later on, I was taken to a concentration camp in the north. The guards were all Guardia Civil; they were awfully decent to me. We were working on the roads. A Civil Guard asked me how I'd like to see my wife. I said it would be fine, but she was in Barcelona and anyway I was a prisoner.

"It could be arranged," he said. "If you'll give me your word of honor

you'll return, I'll see you spend tomorrow afternoon with her in the village inn. But you know what will happen to me if you *don't* return."

"Isabel and I were together the next day and I went back to the camp again in the evening.

"Finally, I was tried. I was accused of being a speaker at a May Day Manifestation — but I proved I wasn't there."

"Of course you weren't." I remembered it all suddenly. "You went to a picnic with us, instead."

"That picnic saved my life. The three speakers were shot. I was freed, but all the benefits I had accumulated in fifteen years of government service were taken away. My salary is what it was fifteen years ago. It's a way of starving you to death slowly, instead of quickly as in the camp or in jail. Many Republicans are in the same situation. You must have two or three jobs to keep alive. Wives work; children work; they get tuberculosis and die.

"They have a kind of court where anonymous denunciations are acted upon. So you can be denounced by your boss' secretary as a dangerous Red because she failed to seduce you or by your boss because she succeeded. You live from day to day in fear of your colleagues and they of you."

Barcelona today, like Madrid, looks thriving. The nightclubs and cabarets, theatres and movie houses are filled. Beautiful and expensively dressed women are seen.

A new rich class has emerged as the result of *estraperlo* or black market operations carried on more than eight years. Men who once earned ten pesetas a day now dash through provincial capitals in 1947 Packards and Buicks.

Fortunes were made by speculating on Allied and Axis purchases of oranges, olive oil, mercury, cork, sardines, copper, mercury, iron pyrites and ergot of rye. We bought things we didn't need to prevent the Germans from getting them; the Germans bought things to keep them away from the Allies. The Spaniards made money from both sides.

And the Army (that is, the officers) has done well for itself. A Spanish businessman can succeed by taking in a colonel as a partner. Then he doesn't pay taxes, and he can ignore a thousand petty regulations. Small businesses and factories are being forced into bankruptcy, but big business flourishes. The middle class, of both professional people and small businessmen, is being liquidated.

Modern laws, on paper, protect the workingman — health insurance, accident compensation, retirement benefits. The worker and the employer pay regularly for these benefits to the state. But no one gets them, except the politicians and officers.

New barracks, army training schools and aviation schools can be seen everywhere. Almost no housing has been built, including schools or hospitals which are critically needed. But enormous and fantastically expensive

naval projects are under way, including the creation of some of the finest harbors in the world for the non-existent Spanish navy.

Railroad engineers, electricians, skilled industrial workers and men in such strategic industries as power plants receive fairly high salaries. Other workers get two or three times their prewar wages. Their cost of living is 1000 per cent higher.

IV

Manollo, who used to be a Madrid lawyer, now plays the guitar and sings in a Valencia cabaret. He is living under an assumed name. He was tried and convicted "in absentia" and, according to a government decree, he will be shot on his return to Spain.

He never left Spain. He is amused by stories in the Spanish press, describing his life of pleasure in Mexico City.

"I always wanted to be an entertainer," he said. "It's more fun than practicing law. The whores, pimps and black marketeers who patronize this joint are more amusing and more honorable than the self-righteous bastards in Madrid courts."

"Aren't you afraid someone will recognize you?"

"Not at all. My documents are impeccable, not even forgeries. They belong to someone who isn't around any more. Sometimes clients who come to this cabaret get drunk and think I resemble a rich lawyer they knew in Madrid. But when I talk to

them in my vulgar Andaluz way, they realize I'm just a cheap musician and not the refined gentleman they knew."

In the daytime, Manollo edits an underground newspaper. Some of these papers have larger circulations than the regular press. Manollo was chuckling over the weather report that had appeared that day in the official press. It said, *Sobre toda España, reina un fresco general* — a general coolness prevails, or rules, over all Spain. But *un fresco general* also means "a fresh general," and the meteorological report was being widely appreciated in Valencia.

"Our newspaper," Manollo explained, "keeps people informed about the fate of their friends. There are no more political sentences or executions. If you read the official bulletin of court sentences passed this month you will observe that no political crimes were committed. But you will note, for example, that Señor Alvarez got a three-year jail sentence for the illegal possession of weapons. This is what happens: Seven cops come to your house. One of them finds a gun that another one has planted there. Can you convince the court that you never saw it before, when all seven cops testify it was found on your premises? And, if they really want to get rid of you, you are shot while 'resisting arrest.'"

"What chance would a Republican uprising have?"

"Just now, none. Last December 6, a well-organized plan to overthrow

Franco was called off at the last minute. Everything was set, including parachutists to take over the Ministries. All the anti-Franco groups were in on it — even the anarchists. It was called off because we failed to get an assurance from your State Department that it would recognize the provisional government. And without immediate support from the United States and the British, it won't work. We'd just have another bloody civil war on our hands."

"What about the government in exile?"

"It's all very well for them to talk — safe in Paris with plenty of money. But what the hell do they know about Spain now? They are removed from the reality."

Manollo went on. "People call the legal newspapers '*los tibeos*' (the comics). Today's press is dedicated entirely to Sra. Perón. What they won't do for some wheat at double world prices! And as for our underground press — sometimes when we're discouraged we call it our sleeping medicine. People can read it and go to sleep with hope in their hearts. False hope, perhaps. But you can't live without it."

V

Carlitos, the last member of the *pan-dilla*, was once a famous Madrid journalist. He is now a shoe manufacturer in Seville. "They took my carnet away from me and I am enjoined from practicing my profession. So, being prohibited from starving as a jour-

nalist, I was forced to become a capitalist! Well, one must make sacrifices for one's ideals!"

With Carlitos in Seville, as with Miguel in Madrid or Ramón in Barcelona, I noted a new kind of freemasonry. As Carlitos and I walked about the streets, bootblacks would bow to him and streetcar conductors would lean out and wave to him. "Fraternity brothers from college," he explained. (They'd been in the same concentration camp.)

When they get a watch fixed or a suit pressed or buy a pair of shoestrings or a box of matches, they patronize *los nuestros* (our people). There is an unspoken, mutual boycott between the adherents and the opponents of the régime. This works to the advantage of the opponents — there are a lot more of them.

When I went to the security police for my *tríptico* (a form that must be filled out wherever you go), Carlitos went with me. There was much bowing and scraping. Don Carlos this and Don Carlos that . . . "Won't you have a chair? How have you been lately? How is your mother?"

I didn't get it. Carlitos must have read my thoughts. After we left, he said, "Yes, those are the same thugs who arrested me, beat me up, broke my arm, and sent me out to die on a road gang because I looked too weak to stand the strain."

"And why all this courtesy now?"

"Well, you never know what may happen — certainly not in Spain. And, after all, if things *did* change,

Don Carlos might be giving the orders and they would be taking them. They call it reinsurance."

The four survivors of the Café Brazil *pandilla* have not seen one another for years, and each had many questions to ask about the others. During the civil war, they joined different political factions within the Loyalist cause. Miguel, the professor, was shocked by the excesses of the "uncontrollable" militia groups, and while always a Loyalist he had not actually fought. Ramón and Manollo went out in their business suits, with pistols and cartridges in their pockets, and helped the untrained militia stop crack Moorish troops outside of Madrid. Manollo became a colonel in the Loyalist army, using Julius Caesar as his textbook on strategy. Carlitos, on a vacation in Insurgent Territory, was immediately arrested because he worked for a liberal newspaper.

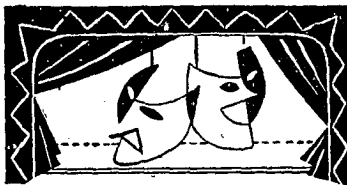
Today, eleven years after the uprising, they have forgotten their differences. They are fond of one another and nostalgic about the golden days of the Café Brazil, when they were building a free, tolerant Republican Spain, when they dreamed of an artistic and literary Renaissance and of a good life for everyone.

As a group, they have been very fortunate. They are alive. Perhaps a million others are dead. None of them anticipates a change in the régime in the near future. But they are waiting.

They are the hope of Spain.

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



MEMORANDA ON FOUR PLAY CATEGORIES

N*egro Plays.* One of the virtues of the Negro Theodore Ward's late *Our Lan'*, which dealt with the Reconstruction period in the South, was the manner in which the folk songs were made to seem a natural and integral part of it. In many a Negro play we have seen, the songs appear to have been incorporated arbitrarily and have had an unmistakable air of having been fallen back upon to fill in gaps in the dramaturgy and to distract the audience from the plays' temporary weaknesses. Ward, on the other hand, utilized them not as such deceptive raisins in a half-baked cake but honestly to hearten and forward his dramatic action and to color his theme interiorly. In the more usual Negro exhibit, the songs are employed much as songs were in the older, lesser musical comedies, to break up dialogue in danger of becoming tedious and to bridge with a presumptive acceptability the empty stretches between the love scenes and

the comedian's prattfalls. Whenever in such Negro plays there has been fear of plot drooping or internal color fading, song has been rushed into the breach, with the consequence that one has had some trouble deciding whether one has been invited to attend a drama or a minstrel show periodically interrupted by a dramatic plot.

Another of the play's virtues was its author's control of emotion. While it was present in plenty, it never was allowed to get out of hand and overweigh itself. In the average Negro drama, an excess of emotion is merchanted on the dubious theory that it is characteristic of the Negro, and what results is merely a lot of bad melodrama masquerading as the natural expression of Negro character. That the Negro is a more emotional person than his average white counterpart may be true. But the theatrical notion that he invariably conducts himself, in both his serious and lighter moments, after the manner of a figure in, the old-time gallery melodramas made up with black greasepaint is

surely open to question. Any such notion, I think, is a dramatic skin game.

Sports Plays. Not more than one out of a dozen plays dealing with sports or the underworld catches its vulgar speech with any degree of verity. The lingo is generally less an accurate duplication of the real thing than a theatricalized and artificially colored paraphrase. A little of it may be faithfully reported, but more is phony. Ring Lardner was, as everyone by this time knows, probably the only playwright who has caught literally the idiom of the eccentric characters he dealt with. George Ade invented a lingo that subsequently filtered into the popular speech. Lardner did not invent; he recorded. (Damon Runyon, with a sharp ear, as his stories demonstrate, did not see fit to employ his considerable gift in the one or two plays on which he collaborated.)

To the great majority of writers of sports jargon plays, the jargon seems simply to be a racket. Any such speech, however bogus, is resorted to by them to supply a character and background flavor which they can not otherwise manage. It is, they imagine, their easy way out, since it will impress as authentic the nine people in an audience out of every ten who know the particular argot only vaguely. This holds true, moreover, not only of sports plays but of most plays given to a vernacular supposedly indigenous to them. And it holds

equally true of a goodly share of popular fiction. The playwrights posture as neo-Lardners merely on the score of changing every *yes* to *yeah* and every *girl* to *broad*. They flatter themselves that they have hit off character with a beautiful sense of recognition by having recourse to such stuff as "pleased tuh meetya," "wuz she cold like a clam," or "shake me a hip, baby." And they further congratulate themselves on the precision of their recording ears with a sports, gangster and other patois that no baseball player, gangster, ring pug or race-track denizen would recognize or could possibly understand without an interpreter, who in all likelihood wouldn't understand it either.

Mystery Plays. Let the author of a mystery-detective play evolve a plot of some interest and he nevertheless is generally pretty certain to dull it out of interest with repetitions of the routine characters, lines, and stage business common to the species. Often to be anticipated, for example, is the detective who will seize up the telephone on a call from Headquarters and monosyllabically ejaculate a startled "What? Where?," thus theoretically agonizing the curiosity of the audience as to some new suspect. Equally often to be expected is the business involving the villain's drawing of a gun to shoot the heroine, the sound of a shot, the revelation that it was fired not by the villain but by the detective warily concealed without, and the villain's collapse with a bullet

in his arm. The comedy-relief household maid, the arbitrary dousing of the lights, the vase on the mantelpiece in which something or other has been hidden, and in sufficient instances the walking-stick containing a sword, dagger or revolver may similarly be looked forward to.

Often, also, one may anticipate the man-of-the-world character, attired in the *dernier-cri*, who will be the repository of what the author apparently regards as a modish and biting wit, which will take such contours as defining this or that as the last refuge of a scoundrel and that or this as the final essence of barbarism. The phonograph will be economically resorted to to supply anomalous music to a tense scene; thrown in will be some tokens of the author's culture in the form of allusions to ceramics, Shostakovich and the French novelists; and at least one scene will reveal the heroine in a silk pajama outfit so elaborate that it will take the audience all of ten minutes to get its mind back on the play again.

Nostalgic Plays. The recent revival of interest in the writings of Henry James was scarcely further promoted by the dramatization of his novel *Washington Square* under the paper-back title *The Heiress*. It isn't that the playwrights, Ruth and Augustus Goetz, were too disobedient to his theme, which is of so commonplace a nature that any transgression wouldn't matter much the one way or the other; nor is it that they did any

major violence to most of his characters, at least externally. It is simply that, through the imagined strictures of their medium, they so scissored and scattered his style and intent that what was literature became litter.

I appreciate that this is the conventional criticism of many such efforts to transplant a literary work to the stage. I also appreciate that with repetition it has become a little tiresome to customers of the critical art. But, though it may possibly be tricked now and then into some novelty of expression and passed off on the less foxy reader for something fairly original, it remains the old simple fact and as such is best to be expressed simply and without fancy trimming.

It is the custom of the theatre in periods of disquiet and discontent to hark back, not without a commercial gleam in its eye, to periods of greater tranquillity. The theory in the case is that the mood of tranquillity will be inculcated in an audience with such consummate effect that it will become blissfully oblivious of its earlier unrest.

The theory nine times out of ten doesn't work any better than one which might maintain that plays in a period of ease and contentment which were full of bloody alarms would make audiences feel like committing suicide on the spot.

Once in a while a play laid in the untroubled yesterdays may, it is true, divert an audience from its immediate worldly concerns. But the play that does so has to have something more

than handsome old-fashioned stage settings and costumes, wistful allusions to institutions long since gone their purple way or whimsical references to sirloin steaks at ten cents a pound, and the emotions of innocent adolescence incorporated into characters of adult exteriors. The average play of the species has little more than that and what nostalgia it evokes in its spectators is induced very much less by its elaborately contrived echo of distance than by some such minor stage property as a humorously recalled hand-painted cuspidor or a sentimentally recollected old brocade chair.

The weakness of *The Heiress* lay not only in at least one such direction but in the circumstance that its story, set in the middle 1800s, was not, as was that, say, of *Life with Father*, particularly flavorful of its period and would just as closely fit 1947 as 1847 or 1850. What it was to all stage intents and purposes was merely another variation of the old plot of the bitter father who breaks up his daughter's love affair with a young man on the ground that the latter is a fortune hunter, of the desertion of the suitor when he learns that the girl may be disinherited, of his eventual contrite return, and of her realization of his worthlessness and her rejection of him. In other words, if stripped of its mid-nineteenth century stage trappings, indistinguishable from a mid-twentieth century copy laid in a house on Fifth or Park Avenue. For the notion that such people as figure in the play

and period must invariably have spoken with a tongue approximating that of Henry James is akin to the notion that such as figure in similarly placed plays today generally speak with that of Harry James.

The moral philosophy of the James' fiction and of the play made from it, along with much of the conduct of the chief characters, finds its counterpart, moreover, in the drama of more recent times. And so it is that the exhibit intrinsically impressed one as being largely a stale contemporary play whose staleness was optimistically camouflaged in the setting and dress of a bygone era.

Aside from *Life with Father*, most of the attempts in later seasons to recapture the sentimental essence of the past, though here and there commercially successful, have missed much critical satisfaction. *I Remember Mama*, while it had its pleasant points, amounted in the aggregate to little more than a box-office shrewdly draped with antimacassars, hung with chromos of an old-time San Francisco, and perfumed with the smell of home-made cookies. *Years Ago*, though it similarly enjoyed its moments, manufactured its atmosphere largely with incorporated allusions to personages and events of its period, and with such obvious properties as unfamiliar telephones, two-pound gold watch chains, and the like.

The Damask Cheek, for all some graceful prose, had the air of a revival of one of Pinero's minor comedies strainfully adapted to the 1909 Ameri-

can scene with such lines as "She's been to the theatre — Sothern and Marlowe," "She went with Michael to the Bioscope and the Judge took her to hear Burton Holmes," and "I'd been to see 'The Easiest Way' only the week before." *The Old Maid*, laid in the middle 1880s, was, by the consent of everybody but the Pulitzer prize committee, unadulterated dramatic rubbish of "The child didn't know who her parents were; only that she was a foundling whom a family had

taken in" sort. And *The American Way*, laid in 1896 and the years following, was a fabricated tear-cadger larded with the names of Mark Twain, Admiral Dewey, William Jennings Bryan, McKinley, Mark Hanna, etc., with such songs as "I'm Afraid To Go Home In The Dark" and "Down Where The Wurzburger Flows," and with references to *St. Nicholas* magazine and Lillian Russell cigars. Nor were any of the other efforts to melt the trade critically any better.

SUMMER INN

BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

Whatever changes in a frightening world,
Whatever the monstrous threats that may be hurled,
The thunders fall far short of this quiet spot
And whatever else may alter, this will not.

Each year the same old women come together
From different winter worlds: fowl of a feather,
Rock in the same old chairs the same old way,
Knitting, recounting things their grandsons say.

Here they meet year on year till summer ends
Certain of welcome, reassured of friends,
Untroubled though eyes are dimmer, for they know
All is the same: they saw it long ago.

The end of the world would cause them less of fear
Than that this might not be here another year,
But as long as it lasts, they hold it changeless, theirs,
Bound by tradition made in rocking chairs.

SECRET OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

BY DONALD B. ROBINSON

THE Nazis' last bid to win World War II was a counter-offensive launched in the Ardennes in December of 1944, with the design of splitting the Allies' forces by driving a corridor to the sea at Antwerp. This precipitated one of the bitterest engagements of the war, the Battle of the Bulge. A German victory then would have deprived the Allies of the use of a vital port; it might have compelled the Allies to evacuate their troops from Western Europe. There can be no doubt that it would have lengthened the war considerably; conceivably, it might even have altered the war's outcome. It failed, as everyone knows, because the American troops, upon whom the force of the offensive fell hardest, were finally able to contain the drive and resume the advance against Germany. A good deal has been written about the purely military side of the action. What is not generally known is that this crucial battle was affected decisively by a handful of U. S. Army Civil Affairs officers.

Until then Civil Affairs had been

held in low esteem by combat units of the Army; it was one of the most civilian branches of the Army, made up principally of professional men, politicians, business men, educators and government administrators. They had been trained to assist in the restoration of local government in liberated territories and to establish military government for the defeated enemy. The performance of the officers and enlisted men of Civil Affairs in December 1944 won them their spurs. In the words of the SHAEF report on the Battle of the Bulge, Civil Affairs then showed itself to be "a trained and capable instrument to successfully turn the problem of the civilian, which has plagued armies since the Caesars, into a boon to the campaign."

The "problem of the civilian" was particularly urgent in the Battle of the Bulge. The Wehrmacht plan was typically German. It leaned heavily on the element of surprise, and in this it succeeded completely. On Saturday morning, December 16, the Sixth SS Panzer Army struck at the American

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106th Division before St. Vith, Belgium. This was expert picking of the softest spot in the line, for the 106th had had only five days of combat experience. Within a few hours, the Americans were in chaotic retreat. The Germans struck simultaneously to the north, hitting the 99th Division at Malmédy. The Nazis' last full-scale counter-offensive got under way on schedule and moved with frightening speed toward the sea.

It was an integral part of the German plan to stampede the civilian populations in the Allied rear in the hope of blocking effective counter-measures. They had been extremely successful in doing this in the summer of 1940, when they had suddenly burst through the Ardennes into Belgium and France. For the Battle of the Bulge elaborate plans were drawn up by the Germans to repeat their earlier success along this line. Again they were successful initially; but their program was broken up by Civil Affairs detachments, most of them officered by middle-aged men only a few months away from their homes and training schools in the United States.

II

The Germans had prepared a scientific campaign to induce panic among the civilian inhabitants of Belgium, Luxembourg and Northern France. Secret agents, saboteurs, fifth columnists and radio propaganda were counted on to spread terror. It was expected that thousands of civilians, quitting their homes, would pack the

highways, thus paralyzing Allied attempts to move troops and munitions.

The Germans dropped hundreds of parachutists, many in American uniforms, behind the American lines. Their orders were to "create diversion and to harass rear areas." Pro-German collaborators among the Belgians and the French circulated rumors: "The Germans are coming! They will be here any moment!" One broadcast threatened: "The German Army is about to use atomic projectiles. Not a blade of grass will be left within a mile of the explosion!"

This propaganda, together with the fear naturally inspired by the sight of American units evacuating their positions, started the rout the Wehrmacht desired. Official dispatches from the front told SHAEF that "Tension was becoming endemic," and that "Terror was acute and panic threatening." Throughout Luxembourg, much of Belgium and even in parts of France, thousands took to the roads. Civil government collapsed. Sabotage and looting became troublesome. The First Army reported: "Mass civilian evacuations blocking highways"; "Pro-Nazi elements released from jails by enemy collaborators or by civil officials fearing reprisals." "Chaos was the normal order of the day" in the XVIII Airborne Corps area. At SHAEF it was feared that "Military operations might be hamstrung by a breakdown in civilian controls."

The Germans took full advantage of these conditions. The Sixth SS

Panzer Army advanced forty miles in four days toward the important Allied supply depots at Liège and Namur. The Fifth SS Panzer Army ripped through thirty miles in three days and reached Bastogne. The German Seventh Army pushed steadily toward Dinant.

It was then that the few hundred Civil Affairs officers in the Ardennes literally saved the day for the retreating American troops. The SHAEF account of their operations outlines what they were up against. They had

to prevent any interference with the Allied counter-measures, especially the convoys of troops and supplies that seemed to be on the move on every road every hour of the day and night. They had to restrain hysteria among the civilians, to control refugees, to keep military routes clear of civilian traffic, and to ensure the maintenance of security.

Homeless, hungry, terror-stricken and often wounded, tens of thousands of people, chiefly friendly, looked to Civil Affairs for succor. Civil Affairs detachments had to meet such problems as finding ambulances and hospitals for civilian casualties, locating adequate housing facilities for civilians who had fled, or who had been evacuated from overrun towns. They had to organize police, civil defense and fire-fighting services. They had to restore local civil governments.

With supply routes cut off, the Civil Affairs detachments were forced to solve food problems, in some cases distributing Allied food stocks — military and other. They had, at the risk of their lives, to move supplies into danger zones, as, for instance, into a cave between the German and American lines near the village of Welferding where hundreds of people had sought shelter.

III

Nothing in the training courses given Civil Affairs officers at Virginia, Yale, Harvard and other universities had equipped them for dealing with the situation they encountered in the Battle of the Bulge. They had to feel their way along by improvisation and invention.

Their first job was to regain control of the population. Organized in small individual detachments or serving directly with tactical units, they enforced "stand fast" rules throughout the affected regions, formed patrols to keep civilian traffic off MSR's (Main Supply Routes), set up check points for weeding out enemy agents and instituted curfews and blackouts.

Many of the Civil Affairs teams, located in isolated towns, were cut off from higher authority and unable to learn what was going on or what was expected of them. Detachment I6G2 in Luxembourg, for instance, first learned about the German attack from a BBC announcement. The detachment went into action at once, stopping all civilian traffic.

Traffic control was an important Civil Affairs operation, but only one of many. On occasion, they evacuated local officials to spare them the dangers of Nazi reprisals; frequently they had to find replacements for officials who had fled. They saw to the guarding of utilities, bridges and railroads. When German parachutists were dropped near Eupen at 4:30 on the morning of December 17, it was a

Civil Affairs outfit which corralled most of them. When signal lights were flashed in the woods near Bouillon, it was the Civil Affairs Detachment DIGI which arrested eighteen fifth columnists and took them to Arlon for trial. One Civil Affairs team in the Third Army area rounded up 136 German deserters. In the front-line town of Malmédy, Belgium, where most of the population, "terrified by shelling and intermittent aerial action, was living underground in extremely overcrowded shelters," a Civil Affairs officer averted an epidemic of typhoid.

The biggest Civil Affairs job during the Battle of the Bulge, according to the official SHAEF report summarizing the engagement, was "to lend strength and reassurance to the officials and population of the localities in which they were assigned. They had to supply the greatest and most difficult of all intangibles — courage and stamina — to thousands of frightened people."

At Verviers, Major T. A. Brown borrowed a sound truck from which he delivered reassuring statements to the frantic inhabitants. At Bertrix, Civil Affairs lifted the curfew long enough to allow church services to be held; they arranged for the priest to announce from the altar that everything was under control, which "helped immeasurably in calming the civilians and preventing a mass exodus." In the St. Hubert region, as Captain James W. Green reported later:

The civilian population of villages under our control were, at several times, in a panicky state, and immediate efforts had to be made to calm them. At our direction, two proclamations were published through the Burgomeisters, giving the people information of the military situations and cautioning them to remain in their homes and not to flee. On another occasion, a copy of a BBC newscast was translated into French and posted.

It happened frequently that Civil Affairs detachments stayed on in towns which had been abandoned by the retreating combat troops, just to give courage to the inhabitants. Captain Ralph G. Hill, Jr. and his detachment remained in Verviers until "enemy infantry were seen on the street and tanks were reported two hundred yards away." Captain E. H. Spitler and his team did the same at Waimés. In Malmédy, Major Shirley Marsh hung on even when the town came under American air bombardment five days in a row.

As the fighting continued, it became evident that the presence of civilians in certain areas would impede Army operations. Civil Affairs then had to evacuate thousands of men, women and children from their homes and transport them elsewhere. Civil Affairs of the XVIII Airborne Corps alone moved 19,000 people. Evacuation duty took Civil Affairs men into forward areas under artillery and small arms fire, in the presence of mines, under bombing, sometimes over terrain that could be crossed only on foot, in weather marked by blizzards, driving winds and numbing cold.

There were also the refugees who had been driven into the American lines to be cared for. Civil Affairs had to feed them and billet them. Between December 18 and 31, Civil Affairs personnel of the First Army distributed 48,950 emergency rations to civilians.

In addition, Civil Affairs performed many services for the combat troops. It saw to the sanding of icy roads, the hiring of thousands of civilian laborers, the procurement of hundreds of horses and sleds and the supervision of power plants.

IV

The turning point of the Battle of the Bulge came at Bastogne, where the 101st Airborne Division and Combat Command B of the Tenth Armored Division held out even after the town was entirely surrounded by the Germans. As recorded by SHAEF: "The epic defense of Bastogne includes a story of unequalled Civil Affairs gallantry and effectiveness."

Bastogne, the junction point of two key highways in the southeast corner of Belgium, was of extreme importance to the Allies. Captain Roger F. Hull, head of the Civil Affairs Section of Combat Command B of the Tenth Armored, arrived there on December 18. He was soon joined by Captain Robert S. Smith, chief of the Civil Affairs Section of the 101st. Panic was then sweeping the city. Some two thousand civilians had already fled, and refugees were pouring in on the city from the east.

On the 18th, the town's power source fell into enemy hands and electric service was discontinued. On the 19th, telephone and telegraph service was cut off. On the 20th, the mayor and most of his subordinate officials ran away, leaving Bastogne without any civilian government. That was the day the Germans completed encirclement of the town and began to shell it and bomb it from the air. Ninety-nine per cent of the buildings in the town were damaged, and one third, including the two hotels, were totally demolished. Water mains were cut. One standpipe was wholly destroyed and the remaining one damaged.

General McAuliffe of the 101st had received orders to "hold the town at all costs" and it fell to the Civil Affairs men to prevent civilian interference with military movements. Their first step was to place a ban on movements of civilians, enforced by a system of patrols by gendarmes and members of the local *Maquis*. On December 20 the gendarmes and the *Maquisards* fled, and the Civil Affairs men had to take up patrol duty themselves; some of them went without any sleep for two days. On the 23rd, they were able to appoint an acting chief of police and seventeen auxiliary policemen to take over the task.

The threat of sabotage and espionage was another Civil Affairs headache. Warning had come from higher headquarters that "Enemy agents in civilian dress and American uniforms were the accepted, rather

than the unusual, order of the day." Captains Hull and Smith "apprehended and turned over to the Counter-Intelligence Corps all suspicious or potentially dangerous civilians."

Supplies needed by combat units were found and requisitioned by Civil Affairs. During the siege, Captain Hull secured from civilian sources "light bulbs, lanterns, surgical instruments, candles, office supplies, stationery, stoves, blankets, sheets (for camouflage), even some food."

Meanwhile, to ease the terror of the inhabitants, Hull and Smith had notices printed, addressed "A la Population de Bastogne," to tell the people that they had nothing to fear.

On December 23, the Civil Affairs officers got civil government going again. They appointed a mayor, Leon Jacquemin, who had been head of the Bureau de Revitaillement (Office of Food Supply). He reorganized administrative services, "arranging billets for refugees, burying civilian dead, supervising food distribution and procuring needs for the Army."

Fire was one problem that the Civil Affairs men and their civilian associates could not handle. Almost every hour word came of a new conflagration as the Germans rained shells and bombs into the besieged city. With their fire-fighting equipment frozen, the Fire Department and the Civil Affairs men, together with volunteer bucket brigades, could do little.

Entirely cut off from the rest of the Allied forces, the American troops and the civilians at Bastogne seemed

lost. An SS captain with three German soldiers came up to an outpost of the 101st Airborne at 11:30 on the morning of the 22nd, bringing a written demand for surrender. News of it got to the Belgians, who were terrified at the thought of the reprisals they could expect if the Germans captured the town.

General McAuliffe's answer to the Nazis has, of course, become a classic. "Aw, nuts," he said. An American staff officer translated it for the Nazis: "*Quatsch! Go to hell.*"

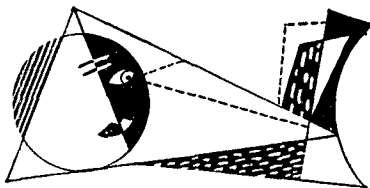
The Civil Affairs men helped Belgian morale with a somewhat freer translation; they explained that the General had said to the Germans: "*Je m'en fou!*"

The siege of Bastogne was lifted on December 26, when General Patton's tanks broke through to the town. By the 28th, Patton had opened a wide corridor to Bastogne; soon the Germans were on the defensive. But at one point they had come within two miles of the Meuse River. If they had driven across the Meuse, the Germans might have been able to seize the Liège and Namur depots. That would have given them the gasoline to push through to Antwerp, and thereby cut the Allied forces in half.

But it didn't happen, in large measure because of the work of Civil Affairs men. They prevented the civilian stampede that the Germans had plotted and hoped for. Because they kept the roads clear, American forces were able finally to contain the Germans and kill their last chance.

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



That a written agreement is legally binding

A mere promise, even though written and notarized, may be repudiated at will. Promises have to be kept only when a "consideration" has been received in exchange for them or where something has been promised in return. The value of the consideration, unless it had been fraudulently misrepresented, is no concern of the court's.

That there are vast numbers of marihuana addicts who commit the most horrible crimes while under the influence of the drug

There may be. But if so not very many of them have yet been apprehended. And the question of their existence and the effects of reefers is more a matter of dispute than the reader of the Sunday Supplements might suspect.

Those who are addicted to a belief in marihuana addicts claim that the smoking of marihuana is widespread

among schoolchildren, that its traffic is controlled by an organized and enterprising ring whose members encourage its use to increase their market, that it plays a large part in stimulating juvenile delinquency, causes many major crimes and sexual offenses and invariably leads to physical and mental deterioration. The International Narcotic Education Association states that the weed, known as the "killer drug," leads to physical wreckage, mental decay and moral degeneracy and affirms that "many cases of assault, rape, robbery and murder may be traced" to its use. The latest edition of Osler's *Principles and Practice of Medicine* says that "acute mania may develop" from its use and "Homicides, suicides and assaults, particularly with sex motives, occur." A case is alleged of one who under the influence, apparently to the horror of his better self, decapitated a friend. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* takes an editorial stand firmly on the side of Osler.

Further corroboration, if any were needed, is furnished by a remarkable

experiment conducted by Mr. James M. Hepbrun, managing director of the Criminal Justice Commission of Baltimore. Governor Harry W. Nice (according to the story as related in the *American Weekly* for Feb. 16, 1947) had to decide whether to commute the death sentence of a young man who claimed that he had committed his crime under the influence of marihuana. The Governor asked Mr. Hepbrun to test the effects of the drug for him and Mr. Hepbrun, placing a large shopping bag over his head ("the method most addicts use") smoked several reefers, having taken the precaution to have by him a trusted friend armed with a blackjack and instructed to deal with him in the interests of public safety should it be necessary. After five or six reefers, Mr. Hepbrun reports that an impulse to divest himself of his clothes and dance nude in the snow (an "act never contemplated when normal") came upon him and might have been put into effect had not the armed friend put him under an ice-cold shower. "I was many minutes under that shower," Mr. Hepbrun narrates, "before I really came to my senses and won out." He reported to the governor "that the marihuana-ruled brain is not blank but is robbed of all ordinary restraint." Whereupon the governor, shocked at Hepbrun's glimpse into this corner of hell, had the young man executed.

Against such opinions and experiences may be set the experiments of the United States Public Health

Service, the report of Mayor LaGuardia's Committee of Marihuana and the convictions of such men as Dr. Lemoyne Snyder, Medico-legal Director of the Michigan State Police, who asserts that it is "questionable" if true addiction for the drug is developed, and that he has been unable to find any record in the experience of the Michigan State Police of a serious crime having been committed under its influence.

The United States Public Health Service, after a series of experiments, came to the conclusion that "although the drug lessens inhibitions, it does not incite normally law-abiding people to crime."

The Mayor's Committee, consisting of two internists, three psychiatrists, two pharmacologists, and various public officials in the fields of health and criminology, could find no direct relationship between crimes of violence and marihuana. They did not believe that the drug was habit-forming. They found very little marihuana-smoking among school-children and were unable to connect the practice with juvenile delinquency. They doubted that there was anything like an organized traffic. They found that an effective dose definitely impaired intellectual functioning but did not change the basic personality. They could find no evidence to show that use of the drug led to permanent deterioration.

It's probably a bad thing to smoke reefers. It's unquestionably a bad thing to talk nonsense.

That Moses was meek

The assurance in *Numbers* that "the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of earth" has given us a proverb but it has also given us a problem. For it would be hard to find a man who demonstrated less meekness than Moses: he killed the Egyptian taskmaster, he destroyed Pharaoh's host, he smashed the autograph edition of the Ten Commandments, he literally forced the golden calf down the throats of the backsliders, he instigated the first pogrom and debarred himself from entering the promised land by belting the rock which Jehovah had commanded him merely to speak to.

The commentators have striven manfully with the dilemma. Since the earlier scholars believed that Moses himself had written the passage in question they had the added difficulty of reconciling the possession of meekness with any such declaration of it. The Bishops and Clergy of the Anglican Church (1888) saw in Moses' account of his own humility "the simplicity of one who bares witness of himself" and felt that his engaging frankness "especially manifested . . . the direction of the Holy Spirit." Weedon felt that since this particular virtue of Moses' might otherwise have escaped our attention we had cause to be grateful to him for pointing it out.

The Cambridge Bible, in a later age, felt that "meek" was here to be understood in the sense of "pious,"

though they granted that the verse offered "serious difficulty" — not the least element of which, though they did not say so, is that no dictionary gives "pious" as a meaning of "meek."

Then in 1941, speaking before the annual meeting of the American Oriental Society, Professor O. R. Sellers, Professor of Old Testament at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Chicago, pointed out that "meek" was a mistranslation of a Hebrew word that would be better rendered as "vexed" or "put out," and all became clear. Now if the English Teachers in their annual convention can only get the proverb changed to "as irritable as Moses" all will be well.

That a marriage based upon misrepresentation can be annulled

It all depends on the nature of the misrepresentation. If the misrepresentation had to do with age or health the marriage might, under some circumstances, be annulled. If, for instance, one of the contracting parties was under the age at which marriage was permitted in that state and represented him- or herself as of legal age, or if one of the parties had syphilis (in some states) and concealed that fact, the marriage might be annulled. If the misrepresentation concerned finances, however, or something of that nature, the marriage, as many a disillusioned couple has discovered, is legally binding.

WHAT IS KNOWN ABOUT UNDULANT FEVER

BY LOUISE CROSS

UNDULANT fever is one of the strangest, most baffling diseases that has ever plagued human beings. In the United States alone, about twelve million people either have the disease now or have had it at some time — most of them without knowing it. Only about 120,000 persons are ever ill of undulant fever in this country at any given time; but none of those who have had it can be sure they have got the germs completely out of their systems. For some the presence of these germs means lifelong invalidism; for others it means chronic fatigue or recurrent illnesses, with intervals of fair health.

In the past decade, however, medical research on undulant fever has made enormous strides. For the first time, all of the disease's queer manifestations are beginning to be understood. Successful treatments have been devised. With the knowledge available today, most cases of undulant fever can be kept under control.

Undulant fever is not primarily a human disease, but human beings can be infected by any of the three varieties of the *Brucella* germ which cause

the fever in cattle, hogs and goats. The goat variety is, in general, the most virulent, the cattle the least. There are few countries in which the disease has not affected animals. In the United States it has been found in cattle in every state in the union, and in hogs in all the major hog-raising states. So far it has been reported in goats only in the vicinity of the Mexican border, but it may already have spread further.

Nothing has been done to eliminate undulant fever in goats or hogs, but the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture has been waging a battle against the disease in cattle for twelve years. Seventy million tests have located 3,124,885 infected animals; most of these have been destroyed or quarantined to prevent spread of the disease. In 1939 Virginia had 93.6 per cent of all its cattle under supervision.

It cannot even be known for certain that the 45,573 herds which are certified as uninfected are in fact free of the disease. Tests are only 90 per cent reliable, and the germ is extremely hard to get rid of. Unless the most

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stringent sanitary measures are carried out in barns, stockyards and fields, the germs live even after all diseased animals have been killed. They have been found on some farms in dogs, chickens and rabbits. These animals, which apparently pick up the germs from excretions, are evidently able to re-infect the cattle, hogs and goats.

Human beings get the disease in several different ways. Farmers and meat packers are often infected by handling animals, refuse or meat. The greatest source of infection is raw milk or cream from infected cows, or butter, cheese or ice cream made from this milk or cream. Here again the germs are astonishingly persistent. They have been found in butter stored for 142 days at 48° F. One New Yorker died from the disease as a result of eating imported Italian cheese. Biological workers have got undulant fever from handling laboratory specimens without proper precautions. Fortunately, there is no reliable evidence to indicate that human beings ever give the disease to one another.

For most diseases a list of fairly typical symptoms can be given that will permit an accurate diagnosis. With undulant fever this is not true. It can take so many different forms that a full description of all of them would fill a fair-sized textbook. (Such a book has, in fact, been published.) There is rarely if ever a case of undulant fever which does not present a difficult problem of diagnosis. Only one symptom — fatigue — is common to all forms of the fever. Fatigue

is often the first warning symptom.

Although it is impossible to describe any typical list of symptoms, a victim of chronic undulant fever may suffer roughly the same experiences as one 28-year-old woman named Janet McCree. She had been ill for two weeks with what was diagnosed as influenza. Instead of recuperating normally, she remained for months on end in a state of extreme fatigue, bothered by a disagreeable cough. None of the prescribed treatments seemed to help her. Later, a pain developed in the lower abdominal region, suggesting that appendicitis might account for her condition. However, an operation revealed that the appendix was perfectly healthy.

Rather disheartened, she went to a hospital for careful observation. She was discharged after a diagnosis of arthritis had been made. But treatment for this malady failed to help her, though she had periods of temporary improvement during which she regained a little weight. Finally she returned to the hospital for a long series of special tests. These indicated a possibility that she might have any one of three diseases — tuberculosis, rheumatic fever or undulant fever.

Undulant fever seemed the most likely diagnosis, so it was decided to try a vaccine treatment. After the first injection all her symptoms were intensified for a short period, but in three days there was a slight improvement — enough to suggest that more vaccine should be administered. Three more “shots” brought on no adverse

reaction. On the contrary, she showed so much improvement that the doctors felt confident they had identified the disease. After three weeks of the same treatment she appeared to be completely recovered.

She neglected her follow-up call on the doctor, and had a relapse a few months later. But except for this, and one other relapse following an attack of measles, vaccine treatments have kept her perfectly well ever since — a matter of three years.

Janet McCree's symptoms — fatigue, loss of weight, aches and pains in the joints, periods of temporary improvement followed by a relapse after an unrelated illness — and their confusing resemblance to those of other diseases are common in undulant fever cases. In its early stages the disease is frequently diagnosed as influenza, malaria or typhoid fever. Sometimes muscles ache as well as joints, or there is headache, sleeplessness or even mental confusion. There may be some constipation. Yet, with all this, a careful physical examination may show nothing much wrong except a mild anemia. The most common of all diagnoses is neurosis, which is not surprising. Assorted, unrelated symptoms, with not much in the patient's physical condition to warrant them, are a regular occurrence in psychosomatic medicine.

II

About ten per cent of all cases of undulant fever are acute, rather than chronic. Acute cases are much easier

to recognize. There are apt to be headache, backache and pains resembling those produced by influenza, except that they are much more severe. Temperature is variable, but it may rise late in the day to 103° or 105° , or even higher. Sometimes severe chills will accompany it, and quite often there is a tremendous amount of perspiration. The illness may last only a few days, or it may linger on for more than three months (in which case it is commonly mistaken for typhoid fever).

But this is far from a complete picture of the symptomatology of undulant fever. Whether the case is chronic or acute, mild or severe, whether it runs a short course or a long one, undulant fever may appear in an infinite number of disguises. Dr. Harold J. Harris, generally regarded as the leading authority on the disease, illustrated the problem in a report on one of his first cases.

In 1935 a young woman whom he had treated for bone disease suddenly developed an infection in a different part of her body. These fresh symptoms recalled to his mind some new observations on undulant fever which had recently been reported, and further testing proved that she had, in fact, been suffering from this disease all along. Treatments for undulant fever eliminated both her infection and the bone trouble, and Dr. Harris has kept her in good health ever since.

One young woman, treated for arthritis over a period of years, sud-

denly developed an acute attack of undulant fever. This enabled her doctor to diagnose her illness correctly, and she was restored to health. One rural physician found that half of his "arthritis" cases were actually suffering from undulant fever. Another woman found her abdomen swelling to the point where she appeared to be pregnant. Undulant fever again proved to be the answer. Still another had what looked like Parkinson's syndrome, which is usually attributed to brain disease. Her right arm and leg trembled constantly, and the arm and hand were so terribly swollen that she could not use them. After she was treated for undulant fever she improved to such an extent that she was able to do her housework quite normally.

Gall-bladder trouble has been, in some cases, traced to undulant fever germs. Illnesses attributed to meningitis, abscessed teeth, certain eye troubles, tuberculosis and many other ailments have turned out to be undulant fever in disguise. It is not surprising that the disease has baffled doctors for centuries.

III

But correct diagnosis of undulant fever is not impossible: a doctor who really understands the disease can seldom fail to recognize it. The resemblance of undulant fever symptoms to those of other diseases is not total; there are always some differences, however slight, which an experienced doctor can detect. And, of course, the

patient will not improve under standard treatment for the other disease. This is the point at which the doctor should become suspicious.

There are also at his disposal a whole series of laboratory tests which, when correlated and considered in relation to the patient's general symptoms, will almost certainly lead to the right answer. Immunity to the disease, the relative ability of the blood to resist it, and the presence of the germs can usually be determined by blood tests. The germs are very difficult to culture, so that if they are not found the diagnosis is not final; but if they are discovered there can be no question about the verdict. Immunity usually implies that the patient has had the disease and has built up enough antibodies to prevent its recurrence. But there is at least one case on record of a man whose blood showed immunity; he died of an unquestionable *Brucella* infection. Blood agglutination tests are usually negative in chronic cases.

There is a skin test for undulant fever much like those used for many other diseases. It is usually dependable, but its verdict is not final. All of which goes to show the importance of complete and careful laboratory tests before diagnosis is attempted.

Finally, if these studies do not lead to a sure diagnosis, a brief course of treatment can settle the issue with very little discomfort to the patient. Unfortunately, facilities for and skill in making the tests, and experience in interpreting the results, are by no means universally available as yet.

But an increasing number of doctors now look for undulant fever when diseases attributed to other causes do not develop according to form.

Once the correct diagnosis has been made, an extended period of treatment should follow. There are still too many doctors who believe that once a patient has undulant fever he either does or does not get over it, and that there is not much that can be done about it in either case. But Dr. Harris, and many others, hold that this approach is entirely wrong. They point out that one can never be certain that the disease is completely cured. Some people apparently recover without treatment: others do not. But it is characteristic of undulant fever to lie dormant year after year and then to strike unexpectedly. For this reason it is dangerous ever to conclude that a patient has completely recovered.

Second, these specialists flatly reject the idea that nothing can be done about undulant fever. They admit that dozens of treatments have been tried unsuccessfully, and that no drug has been found that can always be counted on to help chronic cases. But they contend that good general care, and attention to the conditions which might complicate the disease, often help a great deal. In 90 per cent of all cases of chronic undulant fever, modern treatments will keep the germ under control so that the patient remains entirely well, or at least well enough for practical purposes.

The chronic type of undulant fever

is treated by vaccines, of which there are several kinds. Brucellin, developed by Dr. I. Forrest Huddleson, a pioneer veterinarian and bacteriologist, is made from all three types of the brucella germ. Others are made from two strains, or from a single one, the cow type (*Brucella Abortus*). An injection of Brucellin produces an extreme — even shock — reaction in the patient, but Dr. Huddleson and others report that the treatment is successful in about 25 per cent of chronic and about 85 per cent of acute cases.

Dr. Harris, however, believes that the shock reaction is not only unnecessary but may even be harmful. He has reported that the vaccine made solely from the cow germ eliminates the extreme reaction and is quite as effective as the more complex vaccines against all three types of the disease. Starting with an extremely small dose, he gradually increases the quantity until the best treatment for an individual patient is discovered.

Some people need regular "shots" over long periods of time, or even permanently; others need only intermittent treatment. Most children and many adults seem to recover permanently with only one course of treatments. This system has worked in 90 per cent of the chronic cases treated by Dr. Harris, and other doctors have recently corroborated his findings. Fortunately, a vaccine of this type has been put on the market and is now available to any doctor.

Acute cases are treated quite dif-

ferently. Strange though it may seem, while drugs are not a dependable treatment for chronic cases of undulant fever they are extremely effective when a patient is acutely ill. Penicillin has been tried and has failed. This was to be expected, since the *Brucella* germ belongs to a germ family known as "gram negative," which penicillin never does affect. But sulfas and streptomycin attack the *Brucella* germ so successfully in acute cases that the patient improves rapidly.

There have been both discouraging and encouraging reports on the effect of streptomycin. But the latest research indicates clearly that a combination of sulfadiazene and streptomycin will stop the growth of any germs that they can reach, provided the doses are adequate and are continued long enough. Actual cures have occurred. However, in some cases the germs do not appear to be accessible, even to these powerful drugs, and the germs continue to grow in the spleen, gall bladder, lymph glands or even inside tissue cells. These in turn act as reservoirs from which germs may once more spread through the body and bring on relapse after the drugs are withdrawn.

Dr. Harris finds that by starting vaccine treatment as the doses of streptomycin are gradually reduced, he can build up the patient's resistance so that there is no return of the undulant fever. Sometimes, however, even this is not enough. It is necessary to get rid of the source of re-infection by removing the offending gall-blad-

der or spleen. This seems to complete the job, at least to the point where vaccine treatments will work.

Some doctors, notably a group in the Mayo clinic, have had good success in building up their patients' ability to fight undulant fever by inducing artificial fever. Transfusions of immune blood also seem to have helped in some cases.

But although diagnosis and treatment are increasingly successful, prevention is still the wisest and easiest course in dealing with the disease. The most effective preventive method is the use of pasteurized milk and of products made from it, since the heat required for pasteurization kills the *Brucella* germ completely. As a rule, people living in large cities have no difficulty in avoiding infection from milk and milk products. In the small cities and towns the situation is improving, but in some places it is still difficult to get safe milk. This problem can be remedied in the home.

Put the milk into an aluminum kettle over an open flame, and stirring constantly, bring it to 165° F., using a thermometer. Then set the kettle in a pan of cool water and stir until the milk is cool. A home sterilizer costing \$40 will do the job with a minimum of labor. Persons who handle livestock, meat or laboratory animals can protect themselves by being meticulously clean.

The greatest hurdles of basic diagnosis and treatment have been overcome, and the outlook for undulant fever victims grows ever brighter.

INSIDE PROHIBITION HEADQUARTERS

BY ALSON J. SMITH

LAST spring a momentous press release on the international situation was issued from the handsome, graystone building at 100 Maryland Avenue Northeast in the nation's capitol. The gist of the statement was that the world's statesmen were drowning themselves and the world's hope of peace in alcohol. Atomic war was being courted in a drunken haze. All delegates to the United Nations, therefore, should be asked to sign a solemn pledge to "abstain totally from all alcoholic beverages, particularly vodka." "Yours," admonished the authors of the statement, "is not a task for alcohol-pickled brains."

All over America the sensitive nostrils of such organizations as the National Tavern Owner's Association, the Distiller's Institute, and the Licensed Beverage Institute quivered apprehensively. That old "dry" warhorse, the Methodist Board of Temperance, was up again after some fifteen years of Repeal-induced coma. The statement marked the revival of the *Clip-Sheet*, a glorified "dry" press release which goes out to editors all over the country.

On reading the "vodka" statement, liberal Methodists shrieked with anguish. Was the struggle against the Soviet Union to be converted into a prohibition campaign? The newspapers, however, welcomed the return of the Board of Temperance to the hustings with joy, and gave the statement front-page space along with Molotov and Bugsy Siegal. Nothing is more appealing to a city desk than an organization which can be counted on to liven a dull Monday by opening its mouth wide and sticking its foot in it way down to here.

The writer, as irked as many other Methodists by the "vodka" statement, went down to Washington to have a look at the "new" Board of Temperance and see what, if anything, was behind the singling out of vodka as a beverage having peculiar powers over statesmen. After all, vodka was no more potent than 100 proof Kentucky Bourbon, the favorite tope of the President of the United States. And if we were going to make a point about tipsy statesmen bumbling us into an atomic war, the "wets" could always reply that more

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wars in the long history of mankind had been plotted prayerfully than had been hatched in drunkenness — Philip of Spain and Isabella, for instance, had inflicted more suffering in obedience to their consciences than Nero in obedience to his lust.

When interrogated on this point, the editor of the *Clip-Sheet*, Dr. Deets Pickett, smilingly revealed the clever tactic behind the wording of the statement. "We wanted to get across the idea that the Russians were making suckers out of our diplomats — making them drink all those toasts, etc. Of course, we couldn't come right out and say that, so we just stuck in that word 'vodka.'" He lowered his voice. "Why, at all those big conferences, our people — our *top* people — had to be put to bed every night! But not Stalin! The Russians stay sober. That's how they put things over on us."

Pickett appeared to believe that this was the heart of the whole international crisis.

A little investigation showed that this tactic of identifying the opposition of the moment with the real enemy, alcohol, is a favorite of the Board's. In 1913, when a lot of people were concerned over the tide of immigration sweeping across Ellis Island, the then Secretary of the Board, Dr. Clarence True Wilson, wrote a little book called *Dry or Die — The Anglo-Saxon Dilemma*, in which he pointed out that unless the native "Anglo-Saxons" could resist

the blandishments of Bacchus they would be inundated by the immigrants and eventually disappear as a racial entity. The Board's program at that time was summed up by Dr. Wilson:

Mental suasion for the man who thinks;
Moral suasion for the man who drinks;
Legal suasion for the drunkard maker;
And prison suasion for the statute breaker.

In 1918, beer was the real enemy, with Germany a secondary foe. Dr. Pickett wrote a scholarly little tome entitled *The Wooden Horse, or America Menaced by a Prussianized Trade*, in which he announced that "beer Philistinism has made Germany what it is today," and that "every saloon is an enemy fort." "We can't beat Germany until we have beaten beer," he proclaimed. "It is deadly mockery to ask our boys to die for us until we are willing to go dry for them." All in all, the technique worked pretty well.

The most recent application of this tactic popped on to the front pages early in October when Admiral Halsey was taken to task in the *Clip-Sheet* for having been quoted as saying that he didn't trust a fighting man who didn't drink or smoke. "Liquor," lectured the Board sternly, "certainly does make men fight. It does it every day in the saloons. But we never knew it to make them fight better." There then followed a long analysis of the Halsey strategy in the Pacific fighting and a judgment of "unevenness of performance" which, while it *might* have been due to

coffee, might *also* have been due to the Admiral's admitted preference for another drink — Scotch and water.

The writer happened to be in Pickett's office on the morning that this release appeared in the papers. Pickett was pleased as punch. As we sat there, Sam Morris, perennial Prohibition Party candidate for President, phoned from Texas to congratulate him on the release. Lots of military and naval people had called to express approval, Pickett said — some of them pretty "high brass."

Halsey didn't call. Pickett didn't expect him to.

II

Professor Roland Bainton of Yale Divinity School, in a recent article in the *Journal of Alcohol Studies* professes to see two historic rigorisms in Christianity — a rigorism against sex in Catholicism, and a rigorism against alcohol in Protestantism. He illustrates this thesis with the scene in the movie *Going My Way*, in which the old priest (Barry Fitzgerald) invites the young priest (Bing Crosby) to reach behind a copy of General Grant's *Memoirs* and bring out a bottle of whisky. Then, in a scene redolent with Irish emotionalism, the two priests drink to each other's health.

Now, says Professor Bainton, neither of the priests thought there was anything morally off-center about this. But previously Crosby had wounded a feminine heart by taking his priestly vows. In Protestantism,

the moral emphasis would be exactly reversed; ministers caught drinking might well be unfrocked and hounded out of the church, but they could marry and engage in normal sexual intercourse. In Protestantism, sex (within marriage) is quite all right, but drinking is all wrong. In Catholicism, the opposite is true. Perhaps, suggests the professor, this may be due to the fact that sexual excess is the prevailing vice in southern Europe, where Catholicism is strong, while alcoholic excess is the prevailing vice in northern Europe, where Protestantism is strong.

Leaving sex out of it for the moment, there certainly is a moral rigorism against drinking in Protestantism, and the Methodist Board of Temperance is the leading organizational expression of such a rigorism. As far back as 1836, a discerning writer by the name of Calvin Cotton referred to the advocates of the temperance cause in his day as "Protestant Jesuits." It is an apt reference, for in single-minded devotion to "the cause," narrowness, intelligence, and an unscrupulous willingness to achieve the desired end by any means, the Protestant "drys" more than match the followers of Ignatius Loyola. The late Wayne B. Wheeler of the Anti-Saloon League, Bishop Cannon of the Methodist Board, and "Pussyfoot" Johnson were so dogmatically devoted to the anti-alcohol cause that they would have understood perfectly the reasoning of the Jesuit Father Isaac Jogues who, in colonial

days up around Lake Champlain, used to secretly wet his fingers in holy water and baptize Indian children under the pretext of patting them on the head.

Today wet excesses are largely responsible for the new lease on life taken by the organizations that were once responsible for Prohibition. Of all these organizations the Methodist Board is the most soundly backed, best financed, and most shrewdly run. An efficient staff of some twenty people, housed in a richly-appointed five-story building right across the street from the capitol, works around the clock at the formidable task of drying up America. Four full-time field representatives come and go, bringing the latest dispatches from the local-option fronts. A Department of Publication churns out literature, which is ably illustrated by the commercial artist on the staff. There is a special "Youth Worker," a Drama Department, a Visual Education service offering both movies and slides. Two official publications go out each month: the afore-mentioned *Clip-Sheet* and the *Voice*, a slick-paper job which goes to more than 100,000 ministers, directors of religious education, and church school workers. And not only alcohol but tobacco, drugs, gambling and "indecent" entertainment come within the Board's purview. It is in effect a sort of a Protestant Legion of Decency and Watch and Ward Society combined.

At the center of this beehive is a

sharp, publicity-wise, politically acute little man who is the brains of the "dry" movement in the United States today, Dr. Deets Pickett. Technically, Pickett is only Director of Research, but he has been with the Board ever since 1916, when it was established by the Methodist Episcopal Church as the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and he is the continuing, cohesive element in the setup. Most of the statements (like those involving vodka and Halsey) that the Board issues originate with him, and he enjoys the storms these releases stir up. A Southerner, he is narrow on the race issue, but otherwise he is a vigorous and intelligent man who would give a certain amount of "bite" to any cause he espoused. He is — and this is not meant as a sneer — the personification of Protestant Jesuitism. The Executive Secretary of the Board, Dr. Ernest O. Cherrington, is a veteran Prohibition wheel-horse who came to the Board from the old Anti-Saloon League after the Repeal débâcle, and who manages to maintain considerable anonymity through an adamant refusal to answer his mail.

III

Within the Methodist Church itself, the Board of Temperance has been extensively criticized for a failure to see that "temperance," as a cause, is related to other causes. This is a criticism that can be directed against the fanatical adherents of any cause: because of their single-minded

devotion to their own crusade, they are impatient of other and, to them, lesser concerns. To the Board of Temperance, abstinence from alcohol is the solution to most of the world's problems. It is not easy for the Board to understand that alcoholism is a social problem related to unemployment, slum-dwelling, race discrimination, etc. This tends to drive the professional drys into a politically reactionary position, and to alienate liberal churchmen.

A good illustration of this social myopia is to be found in the attitude of the Board of Temperance towards the race issue. In the Board's building in Washington there is a rather expensive restaurant that caters largely to congressmen and their retinue. For some time liberal Methodists have been trying to get the Board to insist that the restaurant serve Negroes as well as white people. The restaurant's position on this issue has been tested several times, and it has been found that Negroes entering the restaurant with white friends would be served, but that Negroes entering the restaurant alone would be asked to leave. The Board has strongly resented the bringing of this issue into the picture. Its attitude has been: so what? We lease out the restaurant rights. The whole matter is out of our hands. However, on being pressed, the Board did admit that it had a clause in its lease with the restaurant forbidding the serving of alcoholic beverages. Why, said the critics, couldn't there be a similar clause

forbidding discrimination, since the principle of racial equality was no less a tenet of Methodism than abstinence from alcohol? Well, said the Board, Washington was a Southern town, and the social climate was discriminatory. It didn't believe in bucking the prevailing mores. But, said the critics, Washington was also a drinking town — the "drinking-est" town in the country, according to the statistics. Why did the Board feel justified in bucking the social climate of Washington as far as alcohol was concerned, but not where discrimination was the issue? Was Jim Crow a more worthy citizen than John Barleycorn? The Board was unable to come up with a good answer to this question, and recently Dr. Cherrington announced that henceforth the lease with the restaurant would contain a clause banning discrimination as well as drinking. But it was a tough fight, and the attitude of the Board throughout was one of irritation at the idea that the race issue was comparable in importance to the alcohol issue.

Financially, this bell-wether of the dry flock is in good shape. It was started off in 1916 with a grant of \$100,000 from the General Conference of Methodism, and has since been supported by individual Methodists through their contributions to "World Service" — a catch-all title for all the mission boards, educational institutions, hospitals, and various commissions and committees of the church. A sizable hunk of the

millions of dollars that Methodists pour into World Service every year goes to the Board of Temperance. (In contrast, the Methodist Federation for Social Action has only an unofficial status and receives nothing!) The Board owns outright the handsome, five-story building in which it is housed and derives considerable revenue from the restaurant and the rentals on the apartments that occupy the top three floors.

Repeal took a good deal of fight out of all the "dry" organizations. The war and the alcoholic excess that accompanied it, however, gave the Methodist Board and the other "dry" groups a shot in the arm. In 1934, Pickett, his head bloody but unbowed after the Gettysburg of Repeal, had pledged the Board to "fight unrelentingly for Prohibition," and that still remains the idea. "But," says Pickett, "we aren't working legislatively at that now. We're letting the distillers work for us" (the assumption being that, in the long run, every drinker is an argument for prohibition). He went on: "Why, I haven't talked with a congressman about legislation for years. But we have some good friends on the Hill, mostly from the South."

Whom could the "drys" count on in Congress? "Oh, Capper in the Senate, Reese (R., Kansas) and Bryson (D., South Carolina) in the House. And quite a few others. But they don't want to stick their necks out now, and we don't want them to. When the time comes, they'll be with us."

Wasn't the Board doing anything in a legislative way? "Yes, we're supporting S. 265, the Capper Bill. This bill would prohibit the transportation in interstate commerce of advertisements for alcoholic beverages. We testified at the hearings, but we're not lobbying."

What was the present status of the Capper Bill? "It's been referred to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. We think it has a good chance."

Would the Capper Bill prohibit radio advertising? "It would include radio, newspapers, newsreels, periodicals, circulars, even post-cards. Those slick ads and that movie stuff make impressionable young people think it's smart to drink."

How about local option? "Very satisfactory! The country is drying up bit by bit and the rum sellers are scared to death. Why, even in Chicago several precincts went 'dry' last November. In 1946, 112 units (counties, towns or precincts) with a total population of 531,632 switched from 'wet' to 'dry.'"

The present strategy of the Board—and of the whole "dry" movement of which it is the unquestioned leader—is to emphasize education and to soft-pedal the kind of pressure-politicking that made the Board and its accomplices in the achievement of Prohibition such good "copy" in the old days. However, as long as this "education" includes statements like those concerning vodka and

Admiral Halsey, the city desk will not be too unhappy about the change of emphasis.

The "education" envisaged, of course, is really propaganda, directed more or less subtly towards the goal of total abstinence for the individual, and legal dryness not only for the United States but for the whole world. But it is a selective education. While the Board frequently quotes from the works of Dr. Abraham Myerson of Harvard Medical School, it has never quoted Dr. Myerson's final judgment, as expressed in the presence of this writer, that "alcohol, when wisely and temperately used, is one of the good things of life."

In addition to colorful posters, pamphlets, and books dealing with the alcohol problem, the Board also has a Drama Department which presents plays and pageants in churches and schools, all pointing up the inevitable moral. One of the most popular of these plays is entitled *Meet the Villain* by Dorothy Akers Ranck. In this touching melodrama the heroine, who is the governor's daughter, gets drunk and runs over a child with an automobile. Her husband, the hero, is killed by a blow from a monkey-wrench in the hands of an intoxicated friend. Whereupon the governor decides to run for reelection on a "dry" platform.

Are Methodists, the leading Protestant group in America, behind the Board? Yes, at least theoretically. Many, however, are critical of the Board's tactics. They are in favor

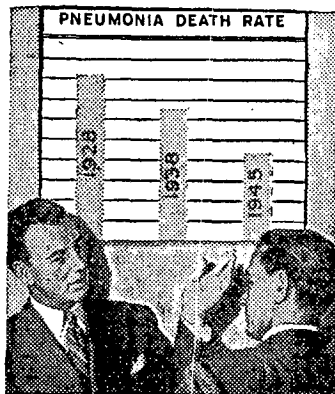
of "temperance" — as who isn't? — but they want the Board's temperance education to be scientific. The whole church, led by its Board of Temperance, is currently embarking on a campaign of "Temperance Advance" which affirms that the "use and sale of alcoholic beverages is morally wrong and religiously sinful." Many intelligent Methodists, particularly in the North, will object strenuously to such an extreme judgment and urge that more emphasis be placed on alcoholism as a public health problem. Theoretically, the Methodist who buys, sells or uses alcohol is subject to "trial" and expulsion from the church. But since this would mean the expulsion of at least a third of the total membership (including Jesus of Nazareth and all of His disciples if they were still alive), the Board can do very little.

The Board itself is the victim of a strange dichotomy. While on one hand it mouths the traditional father-dear-father-come-home-with-me-now slogans of the "dry" movement and calls drinking a sin, on the other hand it supports the work of such institutions as the Yale School of Alcohol Studies and the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol, which hold that excessive drinking is not a sin but a disease, and that the total abstainer is likely to be as far off base psychologically as the total indulger. How long the Board can stand the strain of such schizophrenia without coming apart at the seams it is hard to say.

PNEUMONIA IS

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING

1. Before 1930, pneumonia stood among the first three causes of death. Once the disease struck, careful nursing and the use of oxygen were about the only ways of fighting it. The death rate was about 83 per 100,000.



2. From 1930 to 1938, serum treatment for the most common forms of pneumonia was started and developed. This involved, first, laboratory analysis to determine the particular type of the disease and, second, administering a serum known to combat the disease if it were one of certain types. Pneumonia's death rate dropped, and in 1938 was about 67 per 100,000.

3. From 1938 on, modern medical science has scored one of its most dramatic successes. First the sulfa drugs, then penicillin and streptomycin have proved effective in combatting many types of pneumonia. While the death rate from pneumonia had been reduced to less than 40 per 100,000 in 1946, this disease is still a frequent cause of death.



TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE

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WHAT YOU CAN DO

1. Try to avoid catching a cold. If you keep your level of health high, especially during January, February, and March, you won't be as susceptible to colds or pneumonia. Be careful to dress warmly when you go out, and try to avoid people who cough or sneeze carelessly. It is estimated that 9 out of 10 pneumonia cases start with a cold.



2. If you get a cold—take care of it! You will protect yourself from possible pneumonia, and you'll protect others from your infection. Stay home and rest if you can. If you must go out, keep warm and dry. Eat lightly, and drink plenty of fruit juices and other liquids. When your children have colds, keep them at home to protect their health and that of their classmates.



3. If your cold hangs on, or if your temperature goes up, or if any other unusual symptoms appear, go to bed and *call your doctor at once!* If it should be pneumonia, or influenza, or some other illness that starts like a cold, your best chance for a rapid recovery will come from prompt diagnosis and immediate medical care.



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THE STATE OF MAINE

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THE state of Maine has a rugged face towards the Atlantic. It has high cheek bones, shaggy eyebrows and a prominent chin, being all mountains, woods and deep bays. On the map it looks gaunt. But gauntness is a good old American habit in faces. Rugged faces look good outdoors and in the weather. Maine looks very good in the weather and light. It has a lot of both. And the state of Maine gets the sun on its face first of all these United States.

My state wakes up first and wakes all America up. It is the rooster that calls us Americans to the favorite American sport, hard work. Maine people do a lot of hard work. But you seldom hear about it. It is so natural, so taken for granted, so much like play.

Dirigo. "I lead." But Maine's motto is modestly confined to geography. It does not claim leadership in economics, culture, crime or anything else. Moderation is almost our only unbroken state law. Our best people are moderates — "mod'rits," as they say it, saving their breath for the oars

and the bucksaw. They have aspired to lead the nation in nothing save staying American according to the older rural and village patterns, and preceding the United States, or Vermont, in going Republican in Presidential elections.

Older than Massachusetts in its first settlement, deeply New England in its virtues and vices, houses, barns, thrift, and sharp-cornered individualism, Maine figures less than any of the other New England states in national publicity and in the history textbooks. It is the state of *litotes*, understatement, reticences, and mistrust of bandwagons, loud-speakers, and campaigns for establishing righteousness by acts of legislature. Most of our adages are ones calculated to caution people, to take the wind out of big sails — our own included — and to look at a horse at both ends.

No wonder the British historian Toynbee sets us down as not having done so much as Massachusetts towards our national culture. We are a "museum piece — a relic of seventeenth-century New England in-

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN has published more than 30 books, most of them in the fields of poetry and biography. In 1936 he received the Pulitzer prize for poetry. He has been the Pierce professor of English at Bowdoin College since 1934. This article is the fifth in a series of profiles of the states of the Federal Union.

habited by woodmen and watermen and hunters. . . . Maine today is at once one of the longest-settled regions of the North American Union and one of the least urbanized and sophisticated." Arnold Toynbee blames it all on the weather. It has been too much for us.

How is this contrast between Maine and Massachusetts to be explained? It would appear that the hardness of the New England environment, which stands at its optimum in Massachusetts, is accentuated in Maine to a degree at which it brings in diminishing returns of human response.

To look at us, or to hear us talk, you might think Toynbee is right. Lord knows our climate and soil are hard enough and cold enough to keep anybody busy just barely keeping alive. Maine cows run thin; they have hard work getting enough to eat between junipers and ledges. Our farmers live, mostly, on one-horse farms, where a tractor would break its back.

Yet Toynbee, like so many historians, Americans among them, who count noses and statistics and state papers, is wrong. Historians who stick to acts of assembly, wars, state and institutional archives often do miss the intangibles that mean more to culture than any programs of civic enlargement.

It is true that Maine has never got much into the history books. We did not run true to the Puritan ecclesiastical pattern from our beginnings. So, when all history was church history, we got left out in the cold. The

first New England church was an Anglican one, at the Kennebec's mouth, established in 1608. We had some good early settlers, but they weren't always of the right politics. Some of our first families did not leave calling-cards, they were no better than they should be — often not even that! — they left their European home towns without leaving a forwarding address. They came over here for good reasons, but not the churchly ones. Hence historians overlook the fact that the model for all later American commonwealths founded on the principles of religious toleration and minority rights was Sir Ferdinando Gorges' colonial experiment in Maine. It was too free for Puritan Massachusetts, and so it died a sudden death when King Charles was beheaded. The first graveyard with Roman Catholics and Protestants buried side by side is on an island off Maine.

II

Most of our Maine history is marginal. There are no good records kept of it, no archives of deeds and charters. It supplements Massachusetts or America at large. A good deal of our civic strength has been used up in minding our own business and letting other people alone. Yet when the nation needed our aid, it was usually there. In the French and Indian wars, Maine men cracked the Gibraltar of the western hemisphere at Louisburg. But Maine history was Massachusetts history then. In the Revolution,

Maine furnished as many men in proportion to its population as Massachusetts. In proportion to its population Maine was the most maritime of all the states when American history, between 1815 and 1880, was being written on the seas of the globe. In the Civil War, Maine led all the Union states in per capita attendance on that fight for survival. It was hardest hit of all northern states. One in every five males in Portland was in uniform. Whole towns disappeared. The President of Bowdoin College took the college *en masse* to war. In the last two global wars, Maine men fought in as high a proportion as any state on land, on sea, in the air. But we were so small we had no regiments or divisions with our Pine Tree emblem.

Maine's population, not much larger now than in 1860, is about that of Cleveland, Ohio. The statistics are always bound to be against us, therefore. At any moment, we seem to be small potatoes and few in a hill. But we do raise potatoes. And it is partly our fault that our achievements escape Mr. Toynbee. We have never gone in for historical monuments or for societies for the preservation or publicizing of antiquities or civic righteousnesses. We have been more interested in making the present chimney draw, digging today's mess of clams, or giving our children a good education than in advertising our ancestors. We have trusted in monuments too little and in boys and girls too much to bulk large historically.

A lot of Maine history is in forms Mr. Toynbee and other historians have no yardstick to measure. For instance, Maine's history is in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Oregon and Washington. Maine helped many states to get on their feet and make a good start. Every third or so of the pioneer families in those states hailed from Maine. Maine lumbermen, farmers, humorists (we have had to breed them or die!), dairymen, boat-builders, engineers and men of gadgets have been, for 150 years, the standard for all America. Other states feathered their nests out of Maine's cold little nest.

The chief history of Maine is an elegy. Our leading export has been, save for the century of wooden ships, our smartest children. So the railroads across the continent, the shipyards of California, the farms of Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and even Texas, and the mines of the Rockies are good Maine history. Except when we enlarged the front dooryards to our farms and gave our boys Java and the Horn and China to play with, we did not have enough work to keep our most ambitious children at home. So Maine became a seed-bed for the United States at large.

I am constantly amazed, as I go reading my poems over our country, to discover that a good part of my audiences, in whatever state I read, have ancestors in Maine. Maine might be called a state of good ancestors. It

is a way of assuring oneself of forebears who believed in hard, independent American work to pick them up in Maine. Many Americans do. It is a pity such facts cannot get into tables of statistics for Mr. Toynbee to read!

What we have in Maine is the sort of thing that can get into literature and art, though. It always has been so in art. Leave the bright light and lace-like evergreens and rocks of Maine out of American art, and you will leave a big hole. Most American artists, from Winslow Homer on, have come down east to see men and skies and waves and cliffs at their cleanest and handsomest best.

We have been a bit slower in making our mark on literature. Of course, we produced the creator of the Rollo books and Kellogg of the score of boyhood classics a century ago. And Longfellow was Maine, and Hawthorne, at least part time. Sarah Orne Jewett was the first of our modern American realists. Frost and Wilder have sense enough to have ancestors in Maine. One of the two greatest American poets of the century, Edwin Arlington Robinson, hailed from "Tilbury Town," Gardiner on the Kennebec. And, of course, Edna St. Vincent Millay, best woman poet this side of Sappho, is a Maine girl, hailing from Rockland. *Renascence*, wake-up poem of the twentieth century, blossomed out on Penobscot Bay. Today, too, there are Mary Ellen Chase, Gladys Hasty Carroll, Kenneth Roberts, Wilbert Snow, and a

host of other poets and novelists putting Maine on the literary map. Too bad Mr. Toynbee's historical tables cannot take into account such lights that can make a state sparkle in the eyes of a whole world. But history cannot measure light.

The secret of these writers is the strength in the modern theme of local color. If you get down to bedrock in one state, you get down to bedrock in all states and all nations. The realism of today's prose and poetry is a realism of fundamental humanity. Maine is a fine hunting ground for humanity because the older and more enduring designs in human nature are still here, in this piscatorial and agricultural land: humor, folk speech, stories, proverbs, and occupational techniques of work by hand and heart that spell something close to wisdom itself and add up to civilization.

Here I go, breaking the one unbreakable Maine law of understatement. But a poet of Maine has to because his people will not. He has to be the lyrical outlet of their silent and natural lyricism. For years I have laid myself open to being called a rhapsodist of Maine. I cannot help being such, being a poet.

III

Thoreau, a Massachusetts man, did not find us, as Toynbee does, unsophisticated. "The deeper you penetrate into the woods, the more intelligent and, in one sense, less countrified do you find the inhabitants."

But Thoreau was a philosopher and did not pay his taxes!

Naturally we have our sins and our share of skeletons in the closet. If they do not bulk so large as the crookednesses in some states, maybe it is our size that saves us. Even our sins do not make the front page.

Let's see: we fathered Neal Dow, father of prohibition. But many sincere people count him as a saint and not a sinner. Once, very briefly, the Klan reared its ugly hooded head, but that is down now. We are said to be snobbish and standoffish to summer people. We had reason to be when they patronized us or looked down their noses at us and called us "natives." Today we are different, and they are, too. They want to belong and be neighbors, and, though we are cautious and slow at making friends, we make them for keeps. Our million summer people now are our friends.

Other deeper sins we have. We have allowed our "white coal" — Maine has limitless water-power — to get into the hands of monopolists at times. Worse still, we have let the mills at all our waterfalls poison our rivers with chemicals and kill out all our famous salmon and shad. That pollution still goes on and makes a desert of some of the best rivers of America. We have slaughtered our forests, left the slash, and let forest fires burn up our soil and the substance of children to come. Here is our blackest sin. Unintelligence and greed are as common in Maine as elsewhere. I think what the lumber interests and

pulp interests have done to the forest which was Maine deserves to rank as a capital crime. Some counties are deserts now. Our firs along our coast are being butchered for the comics. As I write this, a dozen forest fires are eating up our soil and our future around me. We could have made Maine another Norway if we had farmed our forests intelligently. We may do it even yet. For in spite of our greed and shortsightedness, new balsams and pines keep coming up. Maine evergreens are hard to kill. We have always been able to raise a new crop.

Oh, we have had crops Mr. Toynbee or somebody in the field of economics could have measured. At any given time, in proportion to our population — always remembering the size of Cleveland — we have turned out a powerful lot of things.

First it was ships. We covered the globe with them. Maine sails whitened the Mediterranean and South Pacific. Maine babies got themselves born off Good Hope and cut their teeth off the peaks of Java. Every Maine one-horse farmer had vast sailing vessels working for him. That was a time, our golden hundred years, Mr. Toynbee should have found statistics on somewhere, when a small Maine coast town like my own bred 200 sea-captains, and some of its families built, and sailed, in three generations, over 70 ships apiece. That was a time when Maine citizens had great friendships in Liverpool, Batavia, Valparaiso, Rio and Bremen;

when all the oceans were crowded with peaceful traders of all nations and we were much closer to the One World Wendell Willkie dreamed of than we are now. Maine bulked large then in global history and international commonwealths of sail. Maine barns had Chinese temples for their cupolas, and our ships of oak and pine were the world's standard.

Then we had lumber. The Kennebec and Penobscot overran with logs; our trees traveled to the earth's ends. Maine produced Paul Bunyan and sent him off singing to log off Wisconsin, Michigan and Washington state. After logs, it was ice. Kennebec ice cooled India and the Argentine. The icehouses along the river were like cathedrals and shook with the music of strong men working with cant-dogs and ice-picks, storing diamonds of Maine winters to keep the earth fresh and cool.

Our Kennebec salmon once were standard. So were, and are still, our herring, cod, lobsters. Our lobsters go now by airplane to all the country. We make a lot of Yankee notions still, gadgets of wood and metal. At Bath, we built destroyers at the rate of two or so a month for the United States Navy. Whatever Yankee ingenuity demands, be it clothespins, shoes or skis or canoes, we still turn them out.

We raise a lot of potatoes. Aroostook, one county the size of most New England states, raises fifteen per cent (60 million bushels) of the world's potatoes. But we raise a varied crop, too — smaller potatoes,

cows, hens, apples, homemade reach-boats and dories and lobster traps, which make us our living and the living for over a million summer residents, on our small farms along our 2500 miles of coast and among our forests and lakes.

The most thriving industry at the moment is the summer tourists. These we tan and send home, from children's camps and beaches and hotels, to the rest of the United States, rejoicing. And we provide a lot of Americans with camping and fishing and hunting, old American pioneer occupations, in season. Seventy-five thousand deer go out of the state each fall on automobiles.

IV

But these are all crops that, like our wooden ships of the past, can evaporate and disappear. We have much more lasting harvests than all such. We have never measured our best things by the barrel, the bushel or the pound. There are our intangibles that only philosophy and art and poetry can preserve and perpetuate, that do not go out of existence ever, that add up to what Maine really is.

Call the roll:

First, Maine is not so much a state as a state of weather and scenery. We have a seacoast like a continuous Rio de Janeiro. Our mountains and woods come down to the sea and crowd out on the islands and ocean. Our farms are fog-horns and lighthouses and silver hordes of smelts and herring and thundering horse-fish, as well as

barns and plows and freckled-faced boys. Our winds blow out of the *Book of Revelation*. We go bent to suit the gales. Days we have like glass in a Sandwich plate. Northern Lights and blazing stars light us in the cold half of the year. Our ten thousand islands are citadels of loveliness and loneliness and teach us the art of making our own way in life. Our wiry children are cousins of the bob-cat and deer. We have as much sunshine in winter as summer; we are greener in our snow months than in our leaf months, thanks to our evergreens. Weather and beauty can add up to a culture faster than battles and charters. Toynbee ought to be told this. These are our jewels.

Next, Maine is not so much a state as a state of mind. It is the live-and-let-live philosophy of living with your neighbor without trying too hard to improve him. For the group coercions of modern mass-society — be it fascism or Communism — Maine has a hate that amounts to an obsession. It shows in our politics, in our unwillingness to join crusades. It appears in Maine people's way of looking at things squarely and taking time to make up their mind; it appears in charity, which is the art of not being better than your neighbor. Maine caution can be the beginning of wisdom. It can flower in integrity. I know lobstermen who look more like Marcus Aurelius and Abraham Lincoln than most of our politicians do. Odd — or natural, rather! — that one should look for statesmanly faces

among boat-builders and farmers.

Maine is still a state of thrift. Men and women still believe in saving up against storms and old age. It is not reprehensible here for men to take care for their own futures and not expect the state to do it. Hard work is still so respected that most of our working people, including myself, refuse to abide by an eight-hour day. The best work, like the best poem, is an overtime affair, done when other people sleep, in low-ebb hours, by starlight, by lantern-light.

It is the Maine people, after all, that mean what Maine means most. These people are the most all-round Americans we have left. They are farmers or fishermen or small-town working men; yet they send sons and daughters to college and into the professions. They are hunters, too, have libraries, keep posted on history and politics. They have refrigerators and electric stoves and radios, but they do a lot of work by hand. Work keeps them well. They are often surprising combinations of carpenters, paper-hangers, painters, and plumbers, as well as clam-diggers. They make their own dories and reach-boats at home still, as their fathers made their schooners and brigs. They build them in the barn in winter; the boats grow bigger as the cows eat down the haystacks; the women steam the ribs, and sons and daughters hold against their father as he drives home the bolts. And glory be! — these boat-builders sail their own boats, keep their own hours, are their own bosses, take no

man's orders but their own. They are cranky independents who employ themselves, trust nobody's judgment but their own, believe in hard work, and thinking and education too. They speak in proverbs, they tell stories, and find time to whittle boats for little boys. Every so often a lobsterman fathers a daughter who paints or sings, or a son who draws pictures well, or at least a lawyer, a doctor, or a railroad president in one batch of children. They are not put out by anybody with airs or wealth. They judge a man by what he does and not what he has. They believe in the uncommon common men who have built up our country westward, state by state, and made America the model for democracies everywhere and the hope of the future.

Democracy is a word of dubious meaning nowadays. But Maine citizens are about what we used to mean by the word. They are people who follow many trades along lakes and bays like Norwegian fjords, men of wide reading and solid thinking, as well as artisans and hewers of wood.

The state of Maine is a state of making one's living off the country still, in the pioneer pattern of resourcefulness, picnicing out the corn and beans with venison and fish. It is a state, mostly farms and villages or small towns, flourishing on old American resourcefulness which metropolitan summer people come far to see and admire. It is like seeing Thomas Jefferson and Ben Franklin still alive, running boats and fishing.

Maine is a state, I claim, of being American.

There are more people in the graveyards than in the neat white houses and big barns and little boats. But maybe it is a good thing to have one's resourceful ancestors keeping an eye on a man from a marble monument on a hill. We don't get ahead much in population, but we hold our own. In humor and laughter as in numbers.

"Say," said the summer visitor, "doesn't your town ever grow any bigger?"

"Well, would you believe it, marm, every time another boy is born around here, another young man leaves for Boston."

We still raise fair potatoes where our grandfathers raised theirs, build our lobster boats in the coves where our great-grandfathers built the ships that circled the world. We still go on begetting children who grow up and remain themselves and refuse to become the automatons the high-paid uplifters and the eye-servants of the state want men to be. We still make out with what little we have and stick to our own ideas of the Good.

It is a good state to act as usher of the sun each morning to other states, a fine rooster to wake up America to work.

Maine is a good state to have to look at when the world is in the sorry state of becoming enslaved to the state as it is just now.

Perhaps Arnold Toynbee ought to come down east and see us some summer.

THE SKY HOOK

A STORY

BY KENNETH MILLAR

THE sky was high and blue, and the trees stood out along the ridge of the mountains fifteen miles away, individually clear in the morning sun like bristles on a hog's back. His mind flew out and circled like a bird in the air. He felt as if he could walk straight out of the town and up the side of the mountains to the topmost ridge. A half-hour's rest in the shade of one of those tiny trees, and he'd walk straight down again, and be home in time for supper. Thirty miles in a day, even in the mountains, was not too much for him. He had crossed the Chilcoot Pass six times. He had walked two thousand miles across the ice to Skagway, dragging his sick partner behind him on a sled for thirteen days, until on the thirteenth day his partner died. It had been so long ago that he couldn't remember his partner's name. All he could remember was that everybody called him Mister; he had been to college in the East and knew Latin the way the others knew Chinook. Mister Starr. The name came back to him suddenly, and with it the

memory of Mr. Starr's last day of delirium, the Latin he recited rolling out in the silence, and his cold death. The blunt black beard which Mr. Starr thrust upward as he lay dead on his back was still before his eyes, pointed accusingly at the California sun.

Martha's voice from the porch reminded him where he was, and that Mr. Starr was dead for fifty years.

"Mind you don't overstrain yourself, Frederick. You know you have to watch your heart. And you won't go further than the bus-stop? Promise me?"

He pivoted laboriously on his cane and looked up at her standing on the top step, clean and trim in a starched apron. While he struggled with his obstinate mouth and she waited, patient and smiling, for him to articulate a word, he wondered why it was that he could never be angry with her. He knew that she always did and said what she thought best, but a woman who was always right could be a devil to live with. It was the

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smaller things he loved, her freshness in the morning, her little graces, the sense of womanhood which had survived her old age and kept his manhood alive. Even in his last months of feebleness she deferred to the memory of his strength and loved him for the youth which, because she loved it, he had never quite forsaken.

His tongue and lips obeyed his will finally, and said: "I promise."

"That's my dear. I hate to have to remind you, but — you know."

Smiling her little half-smile of affection she came down the steps and leaned forward to kiss his cheek. At seventy she kept the airs which had made her one of the belles of Seattle when she was twenty. Her yellow hair was white now, but she still brushed it a hundred times each night before she went to bed, and rinsed it in bluing every week to make it shine for him. The eyes in her thin face were as large and dark as they had ever been. The past was crowding on his mind, and he remembered the sweet kiss she had given him when he said goodbye to her and sailed north for the first time. He had promised to meet her in spirit every night by the north star, and he had kept his promise. While most of the men he knew, even Mr. Starr, debauched themselves in the bars and houses, he had walked out under the night sky and thought of Martha.

"Goodbye now," she said, and went back into the house. She would watch him through the curtains in the front

room until he turned the corner. She hid herself in order to save his pride, but he knew that she always stayed there until he was out of sight. It made him angry every morning, to have to walk that quarter-block with Martha watching him. His anger was more for himself than her, for this wretched sick body of his which had betrayed them both.

In order to move his right foot he had to lean hard on the cane which he gripped in his left hand, and swing the leg forward by inches. When he had taken four or five steps, he had to stop for breath and lean on the cane. He looked down at the bowed tripod of his shadow and cursed the dying body in which his mind was caught. His will was as eager as ever, but his body held him captive. His mind was full of things to say, the lucky days of his youth, the knowledge of two continents which he had gathered in his traveling years and balanced inside him like a packhorse's load, and California in his old age: the clear light on the mountains and the way the sea sparkled at the bottom of the street and Martha loved him yet. But his doddering head swung on his shoulders like a bell without a clapper. He wrung from the paralyzed silence of his mouth ten or twenty words a day: yes, no, thanks, hello; and the terrible slow cry which twisted his bowels to utter: If I could only talk.

If he could talk, he would be eloquent. If he could walk, he would walk to the top of the mountains.

He would cross the pass into the river valley and send Martha a postcard which would make her love him more. With the right hand which swung uselessly at his side, he had written her letters in copper-plate handwriting, expressing his feelings in fine phrases like the poetry of Joaquin Miller. With that limp hand he had lifted a two-bushel bag of threshed wheat over his head at arm's length, and walked from one end of his father's barn to the other. He had pulled Mr. Starr across the ice for thirteen days, and when Mr. Starr had died and he had looked down into the dead face and seen the snow-grain sticking to the eyeballs, he had believed that he himself would never grow old or die.

The faith was in him still, but his heart had betrayed him. It had creaked like a rusty pump and stuck fast for an instant, six months ago. Then the stroke had fallen, a foul blow from behind. Death and old age came at you like that when you least expected them, striking from ambush like Soapy Smith. He had found one of Soapy's victims once, a dead man face down beside the trail, with his snowshoes spread-eagled, the back of his head wide open and his crushed brains preserved by the bitter air. His own condition wasn't much better than that. He felt like a young man condemned, for a crime which he could not remember, to carry his father's corpse on his back wherever he went.

With a visible jerk of his shoulders

he threw off this thought, and took six steps more quickly than he should have. Martha would still be watching, and he daren't let her see that he was giving way to morbid thoughts. He had no right to think about death on a sunny morning like this. It was hard enough on her to have him around when he was feeling cheerful. But the dull beginning of pain in his heart kept the thought of death before him. It walked down the street in front of him, and stopped when he stopped, like a second shadow cast by a distant brightness.

II

He got to the corner at last. As soon as he was out of her sight, he leaned gratefully against the wall of the Presbyterian church. His hat tipped forward over his eyes, but he was too tired to set it straight. He didn't even care about the white marks the stucco would leave on the back of his blue serge coat. He stood with closed eyes and watched the red darkness crawling around in his brain. Every time he drew a breath a shaft of pain rose upward from his chest and illuminated the darkness. Gradually the pain subsided, and he opened his eyes and pushed his hat back, blinking at the sun. He swung his right leg forward in a tentative step, and found that it would hold him. Inch by inch he moved across the sidewalk on his three legs, like a crippled animal. He descended the curb and started across the road, turning his head slowly from side to

side, to make sure there were no cars coming.

He had to stop in the middle of the road for a rest. Fortunately there were no cars in sight, but there was a young woman sitting on the bench at the bus-stop with a little boy in a striped jersey, too young to be in school, who was staring at him curiously. He couldn't hear the question the little boy asked his mother, but he knew what the question was. A dozen times a day his body travestied him like this. He was ashamed to be standing there, unable to move, making a spectacle of himself. He needed a sky hook to get across the street.

The old hopeless joke brought back the second trip to Dawson, when Joe Brewer was his partner and they traveled with the trapper Indian Soney. When they came to the shore of one of the lakes below White Horse — he couldn't remember which one, but it might have been Labarge, the same Labarge where Sam McGee was cremated — they found a deep crevasse between the shore and the lake ice. It was twelve or fifteen feet wide, too wide for a sled to span, too wide for a man to jump, even with nothing on his back. It looked for a while as if they couldn't go on. "What we need is a sky hook," Joe Brewer said, and the others knew exactly what he meant.

It turned out that they didn't need a sky hook after all. They bound their sleds together with rawhides and made a bridge which got them across to the ice. From then on to the

end of the journey, luck was with them. They found the "ancient courses" that Indian Soney had heard about, and staked claims on Gold Hill. When he landed back in Seattle, he and Martha had a big church wedding and French champagne at the wedding-supper.

An automobile honking impatiently as it swerved past him reminded him that he was still standing in the middle of the road like a bump on a log. He bestirred himself, and reached the curb in a single stumbling rush. The young woman on the bench crossed her naked legs and pulled her son closer to her, to make room for him. He sat down heavily with his right leg stiff as a pole in front of him, and the cane between his knees. The little boy looked up at him expectantly, and he would have liked to say something. Something like Klahowya tillicum, which was Chinook for How do you do, and a phrase that little boys loved. All he could do was nod his head awkwardly. He turned away from the puzzled look in the boy's eyes.

From where he sat he could see the mountains again. After all his walking, he was no further away from them than when he left his house. They lay in the sun like great blue animals, patient as Paul's ox, with cool deep shadows in the clefts and groins of their limbs. Then his imagination fainted and he saw them as they were: rocky walls reaching to the sky, from side to side of the horizon

hemming him in against the sea. And there was no escape by water. Even if he had strength enough to get down to the beach, he couldn't row a boat with one good arm. He was stranded in a little dry pocket between the mountains and the sea, and he'd never travel again.

"You must be very old," the little boy said beside him.

"Be quiet, James. That's not polite."

He tried to speak, and then to smile, but his mouth only twisted in an ugly way. He wanted to tell the little boy that he was friendly though old; that he had boys of his own, grown men now, one of them a doctor in Tacoma and one a merchant in Detroit; that he wouldn't hurt a hair of a little boy's head. He reached out to touch him. The child shrank away from his veined hand. He slipped out of his seat and stood on the other side of his mother's knee, until the bus came and took them away.

He leaned forward and caught a last glimpse of the boy and his mother through the rear window of the bus. He liked their looks, but they had looked at him as if they thought he was senile or mad. He had failed so utterly to make himself known to them that he hoped they would forget him quickly. Angrily he thrust his cane upright and, clutching its curved handle with his left hand, levered himself to his feet. The pain spread out from his heart and swept through his veins like a hot wind in the streets of an abandoned city.

He disregarded it. He would not be a slave to his own body. There was time enough for the body when the earth covered it.

An old dog wandering along the sidewalk by himself came up to him and sniffed at his boots and his knees. The dog had a heavy shepherd head and a collie coat; a good combination, intelligent and loyal. He had owned forty dogs in his life, and had always loved them. Yet because he was in pain, and because the dog at his knees was old and mangy, with one white eye, he felt like striking at it with his cane. The evil impulse was flooded out by an impulse of pity and love. He reached down and petted the scarred head, and all his sorrow was for the old sick dog. He was a man, with a full knowledge of his life and many things to be thankful for. If he had to die, still he could see that death was divided into two regions like night and day. He stood in the light of death, while the poor dog wandered and sniffed in a light which had always been dim and was going out.

But when the dog left him alone in the sun, he was taken by mortal terror. He was in the blinding light, but Martha and his family and all his chums were in the other region, calling to him out of darkness, and the mountains were standing in between. He ran three steps towards the wall of mountains and fell in the road. He never struck the earth. At the last minute the sky hook saved him from falling.

It tore into his chest and gripped his heart. When it swung him aloft in its tremendous swoop, it seemed to him that the pain was too great to be borne. His whole body was pulsating like a star of pain. Yet his eyes were open and his head was clear. He looked down on the city, white among its trees. He could make out his house and Martha safe in the garden, and that was his last thought of her. As he swung higher into more sparkling air and even intenser blue, the city diminished and faded, till there was nothing left but the curved sea and the mountains.

He looked down from his great

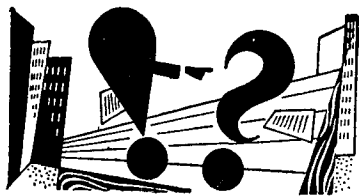
height on the little tree-bristling ridge to which he had raised his eyes when he set out. On its other side there was a wilderness of mountains, ranges beyond ranges wrinkled and tossed like a storm of stone. The anguish in his breast was a comfort to him now, for it meant that he was held securely. He closed his eyes in vertigo, and when he opened them again he saw the glittering peaks of the north, the chains of frozen lakes and the icebound rivers; and then he saw in pity and triumph the long line of weary men, black ants against the snow, crossing the great pass to the gold-fields, to the promised land.

CONSEQUENCE

BY JOHN VAN BRAKLE

I passed a mountain yesterday
As from its peak of snow
It flung a jagged boulder down
To woodlands far below.
I looked to where the rock had lain
And thought that I could trace
A scar of sorrow etched upon
The mountain's weathered face,
For long ago I had a thought
As hard and cold as stone.
I wildly flung it at my love
And now I brood alone.

THE SOAP BOX



EDITORIAL NOTES

We do not plan to confine the state series to the 48 members of the Federal Union and the District of Columbia. We would also like to publish profiles of Alaska, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and Guam. Surely there is much to be said, both pleasant and not so pleasant, about life in all these lands, and we hereby issue a cordial invitation to all men and women in these territories whose typewriters are in working condition to send us articles for the aforementioned series.

Speaking of the state series, we are pleased to report that on the whole the response from writers has been very gratifying, but we must also report that only silence has issued from some of the commonwealths. We hereby list a few of them, without prejudice, as the lawyers say: Wyoming, North Dakota, South Dakota, Idaho, Oklahoma and — strangest of all — the Maryland Free State, whose state flower is the blackeyed Susan and

whose motto is *Fatti Maschii, Parole Femine*, which may be translated, for heathens, as Many Deeds, Womanly Words. Need we be more subtle?

For long we have been after a documented and comprehensive analysis of the state of literary criticism in the United States. More and more newspapers and magazines have taken to giving their readers short reviews and long critiques of books, and lately even the mass-circulation women's periodicals have fallen in line. This phenomenon may be good for the future of literary culture in the country. But even those who are most optimistic about this possibility know, in the secrecy of their souls, that much of what passes for criticism, or even reviewing, is ignorant, stupid and sloppily written. Many of the reviewers have little to say, and many of them, alas, seem to be allergic to reading. Many authors find their books so inaccurately described that they wonder whether the reviewer is actually reviewing the book he claims to be reviewing.

What we are after is not an editorial comment upon this deplorable state of affairs, which is a crime against both literature and journalism. What we want is an article that surveys the situation at large, names the feeble reviewers and gives samples of their reviews, and also names the good reviewers and gives samples of their superior work. We have approached several good reviewers, who blush with shame at the large number of ignoramuses who have invaded their professional ranks, but these people hesitate to do the article on the ground that it would be discourteous for them to denounce some of their colleagues. Frankly, this looks like strange professional ethics to us. It would seem to us that members of a profession should be most jealous of the good name of their profession. Anyway, we still want the article, which we think could have a most salutary influence. Who will volunteer to do the job?

TOLERANCE FOR ATHEISTS

We have a Council Against Intolerance. Once a year they send me a form letter begging for a contribution, and in between I never hear of them. Insofar as they can contribute to a greater tolerance between races, or between Catholic and Protestant, or Christian and Jew, fine! But why such a limited objective?

There are several million people in this country variously described as

Atheists, Agnostics, Rationalists, Humanists, Positivists, Freethinkers or Deists, who are outside all churches and definitely reject Christianity. Very often we are the butts of Christian intolerance, in petty but highly irritating ways. It may be personal insults. It may be discrimination in hiring and firing—I have heard of such. It may be efforts to bar us from public office, from jury service, or from testifying in court. It may be efforts to bar us from secular organizations on religious grounds. It may be the effort to propagandize our children at public expense by bootlegging religion into the schools. I have heard of attempts by Christians to deprive parents of the custody of their children on the ground that they were Atheists.

Intolerance has been a distinguishing mark of Christians from Roman days to the present. When the Christian demands fair and equal treatment for Atheists, and gives it, I will absolve him of hypocrisy in mouthing the Golden Rule.

FLOYD L. YEOMANS

Middleville, Mich.

CARL SANDBURG

I have been reading Sandburg's massive Lincoln books lately, and also his poetry, and I have been assailed by very grave doubts, so grave, indeed, that I hesitate to speak of them. The Lincoln books look a trifle corny to me—there's quite a lot of omniscient fictionizing in them. And as

for Sandburg's poetry, so much of it has the quality of the higher pulp. Very often it bleats, "Ah, watch me, I'm so sad! The common man is so beautiful! Do something for him! and do it now, now, NOW!" Some people have put Sandburg in a class with Poe, Whitman and Emily Dickinson. I think that to do this is to commit a crime against literary criticism. Vachel Lindsay, who is now almost forgotten, was an enormously better poet. Conrad Aiken is a better poet. Well, I might as well say it: I don't think Sandburg is a poet at all, but a *PMish* editorial writer.

MAXWELL P. BURKE

Tucson, Ariz.

COMMUNIST CONSISTENCY

Here is something that would be worth a laugh if it weren't so serious: one of the major principles of Communism is that each should contribute according to his ability and take according to his needs.

On an international scale, however, the Communist practice is something else again. The thing that has been holding up the formation of a United Nations' Military Force is Russia's insistence on equality of contribution. That means that nobody can contribute air power to the UN Military Force if China (for example) has no air power. The same holds for the Navy. The one thing everybody has, of course, is foot-soldiers, and no matter how many anybody contrib-

uted, Russia would still have at home the largest Army in reserve.

Consistency, thy name is Communism!

X. Y. Z.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOW DUMB?

The recent announcement, by a UN official, that a poll had shown that 30 per cent of Cincinnati's citizens had never heard of the UN raises again the old question: how dumb can people get? In attempting to find an answer to this question, I've been perusing some recent Gallup Polls. Here is what I've found about the extent of ignorance in America.

(1) Twenty-six per cent of Americans can't name the national anthem; (2) 51 per cent don't know about the Marshall Plan; (3) 75 per cent (including 59 per cent of college-trained persons) can't identify Czechoslovakia on an outline map of Europe; (4) 20 per cent don't know what a Presidential veto is; (5) 45 per cent think Hitler is alive; (6) 36 per cent think the Democrats control the House of Representatives; (7) 48 per cent don't know what a recession is; (8) 52 per cent don't know that England is a democracy (the confusion arises mainly from the fact that England has a King); (9) 25 per cent don't know what the Truman Doctrine is; (10) 52 per cent don't know what a filibuster is; (11) 54 per cent don't know what man or official is next in line for the Presidency; (12) 90 per

cent don't know what a jurisdictional strike is; (13) 81 per cent don't know what the Wagner Act is; and (14) 59 per cent don't know what portal-to-portal pay is.

LEWIS W. CONOVER

Springfield, O.

A NEW RELIGION

The time has come for the announcement, to those willing to hear, of a modern gospel of religion broadly based on all present knowledge of history, biography, psychology, and science: suited to the Occidental mind; stating that present demonstrability should be the only recognized authority for present religious beliefs; avoiding riddles; without fabulous, superstitious, and visionary claims; not Christocentric nor bibliolatrous; denying resurrection, personal immortality, or reincarnation; holding generally that good deeds return beneficial rewards before death and that evil misdeeds return retributive punishment before death; decrying evasion of reality and responsibility; condemning morbid inhibition masquerading as spirituality; seeing no virtue in poverty or martyrdom; including no beliefs contrary to sound sense; but based on the positive faith in the human response to loving kindness and help of intuition answering the earnest, unselfish, articulate aspiration for guidance.

JOHN E. WHITESIDE

Syracuse, N. Y.

THE MORON IN HISTORY

A great many philosophers and historians, from Plutarch and Tacitus to Hegel and Carlyle, have written important studies of the "hero in history" — of the historical influence of great men. I think it is about time someone did a study of the moron's part in history. I suspect that it will be found that the moron has been a more vital force in shaping human destinies than the genius.

First, consider the vast number of rulers through the course of history who have been morons or near-morons: King George III of England, against whom we fought the Revolutionary War; Commodus, Emperor of Rome in the second century A.D.; Victor Emmanuel II, the recent King of Italy; and Louis XVI, who was ousted by the French Revolution.

Second, look at the mass base that world moronism has provided for the fascist movements that have arisen in the twentieth century. No one who has read the main literature pertaining to the rise of fascism can fail to observe that the followers of Hitler and Mussolini (especially the former) were recruited largely from the moron class. One commentator has referred to fascism as "the rise of the underworld": he should have added that it was a mental, as well as social, underworld.

ASHLEY BURNSIDE

Little Rock, Ark.

SEX IN AMERICAN FICTION

BY FLOYD DELL

I AM one of those many readers who are usually bored and sometimes disgusted by the crudity and coarseness in the treatment of sex which is now so widespread in American fiction. But before I proceed to express myself further on this subject I should, in fairness to my readers, report two autobiographical facts.

One is the fact that I am now an elderly person, and elderly persons are well known to be prudish and squeamish. There is, in consequence, a tendency not to care what they think about sex, in current fiction or anyplace else.

The other fact is that I used to write fiction myself, and that I sometimes shocked people by its frank treatment of sex. I can recall the publisher of the *Smart Set* telling me — and quite proudly, to my surprise: “Your story caused more cancellations of subscriptions than any other story we ever published.”

And I can recall, too, that some of my novels were banned in Boston, and that one of them was denounced by my friend Upton Sinclair, in a lurid syndicated review which held my novel responsible in advance for

causing the moral breakdown of the youth of the entire land. That hurt my feelings, and I protested to Upton. He replied cheerily that his review ought to increase my sales.

Times and tastes have changed rapidly, and those literary productions of mine might now, I suppose, be listed as recommended reading in Epworth League circles, on account of the refinement of their language. However, it is true that in their day they shocked some people. And it is true, too, that it hurt my feelings to be denounced.

I wouldn't want to hurt the feelings of any writer. I could certainly not denounce anyone for encouraging young people to loose living. On the contrary, my chief objection to most of these stories is that they make sex so dismal and repellent a subject. If I were a young reader and believed half of what I found in the stories, I should want to flee into the desert and avoid the company of the other sex entirely.

Take *Whereunder Crawling Cooped*, the latest novel of that distinguished writer, George Gassoway — an imaginary book, I hasten to say, by an imaginary writer, one noted for his

FLOYD DELL is a novelist and poet, whose most popular book was probably his novel, *Moon-Calf*. He contributed a piece on the old Greenwich Village to last month's issue.

relentless realism and dumfounding frankness.

Mr. Gassoway's tale is laid in Wampum City, site of the Swansdown Mattress Company. There is an impressive amount of information on postwar conditions in the mattress-manufacturing industry. The characters are represented as typical Americans, a representative segment of our population. The story opens with Mr. Sparlow, the sales manager of the Swansdown Company, hastily putting Birdie, his pretty, dark-eyed secretary, off his knee as he rises to greet his wife, Eudora, a glacial blonde with a Vassar education. Meanwhile, in the corridor, the burly red-haired janitor, Hunkins, thinks darkly about the atomic bomb.

After this fine start, I feel some disappointment when the characters merely say stupid things and exhibit repulsive manners. Most of them seem to be brought in only as targets for the author's social satire. It cannot be complained that no such people exist in real life. Even such a dummy as Mr. Sparlow may have infinite riches of interest hidden behind his smug exterior. But no — it appears that Mr. Sparlow's inner life is devoid of interest, except for the fact that he is, as one might say, a frustrated character. The author goes into his frustration in some clinical detail. Birdie, too, much to my surprise, is also a frustrated character. Eudora, of course, is a frightfully frustrated character. They are all (except Hunkins) frustrated characters.

The atmosphere of frustration thickens as the scene of inaction changes with rapid futility from office to boudoir to motor-car to cocktail lounge, and the things that are said get stupider and stupider. Anyway, now I know where I am: in an Americanized sociologized rendition of James Joyce and D. H. Lawrence; and I know what is coming next. Hunkins and the glacial Eudora will put on a scene, unfrustrated for a change and owing much to *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, down in the furnace room, where they have gone to discuss the atomic bomb. But how it all turns out I shall never know — I have put aside this serious interpretation of American life and am reading a good detective story.

II

It does not take much of a literary detective to trace the elements of Mr. Gassoway's story back to Joyce and Lawrence, who have exerted a hypnotic influence upon a whole generation of American writers, some of them even more talented than Mr. Gassoway. It is they, Joyce and Lawrence, between them, who have made sex the dull sickening subject that it is today in so much of American fiction.

Joyce was horrified by what seemed to him the nastiness of life (especially sex); he felt a morbid guilt over his own adolescent participation in its vileness, and he went to great lengths to pass on his disgust to his readers. Although his *Ulysses* can be taken as

a picture of some highly unpleasant things in Dublin, the core of his peculiar and intense literary activity seems a kind of civilian shell-shock about human sexual behavior. Without understanding, without humor, without forgiveness, without hope, he paints for us a fantastic world centering in sexual drives that to him have no meaning, no purpose, no beauty, no bravery and no fun in them at all.

This Joycian vision of life has been taken over to a large extent by various American writers to whom it does not rightfully belong, since their own emotional attitudes are really less neurotic. By these writers it is used, with or without the cockeyed syntax of the original, as a kind of vehicle for social criticism. It can be used to show up the vulgarity of the bourgeoisie or the miseries of the poor, or it can serve as a means of damning the whole human race. It has a false erotic robustness which conceals the absence of any real sexuality. The characters talk and drink, talk and drink, and occasionally a couple of them go to bed; but it doesn't mean a thing. Sometimes there is a hero (or heroine) whose life is one long erotic pilgrimage, unsatisfactory to all concerned. The original Joycian effect is, of course, confused by American writers who can't help putting in a little love; but the romantic, passionate, protective and parental aspects of love would wreck the Joycian scheme, so they tend to get left out, and what remains is pretty dreary.

The Joycian fantasy doesn't, of

course, provide for any contrast, anything to show what life and love can be or should be — which, for purposes of social criticism, is really needed. Contrast of a sort, however, is sometimes provided in our fiction by the old device, dear to sentimental young reporters, of finding in the vagabond, the jailbird and the prostitute those fine feelings and heroic virtues which are supposedly non-existent in the respectable classes.

The total absence of drama in the Joycian view of sex requires that drama be taken from some other source. The old love-triangle won't fit into the Joycian scheme; in fact, nothing that gives serious value to sex will really fit into it. But D. H. Lawrence provided a dramatic view of the relation of the sexes that could be tacked on to the Joycian scheme.

Lawrence, whose best literary effects are not easily imitated, is currently honored as the founder of the cult of four-letter words — a literary cult which began as a neurosis and ended as a nuisance. The neurotic elements in Lawrence's writings were accompanied by such splendid other qualities that to isolate and harp on the neurotic may seem both disrespectful and unjust. If the Lawrencian neurosis had not been so fruitful of imitation, there would have been no occasion to harp upon it. At any rate, the four-letter-word cult was originally the hysterical attempt of literary Little Lord Fauntleroy to get rid of their velvet jackets and cut themselves loose from the maternal apron-

strings. Refinement of language, good manners, and in general all that we owe to woman and civilization — these were repudiated, replaced by coarse language, bad manners and a febrile brutality. Adult attitudes toward sex were discarded and replaced by childish, early adolescent or bar-room attitudes. The Lawrencian disciples got a tremendous kick out of those four-letter words. They showed Mama where she got off. A fine manly thing to do, they thought. But in later American literary manifestations, these cult practices became merged with those of the doggedly dull phonographic technicians, who faithfully copy down what they hear people say, and the stupider the better.

III

Backing up that original attempt at an assertion of masculinity by those who were doubtful about their possession of it, the Lawrencian philosophy of sex established an imposing pseudo-masculinity by cracking the whip over woman, seeking to deprive her of the power to boss them around. She was warned against being intellectual and sent back to bed; it was a mistake for her to think, talk, read books or hold a job; her true destiny, she was given to understand, was passive subjection to primitive, rip-snorting masculinity. All this was akin to the Nietzschean stuff later adopted officially by the Nazis. It had an unmistakable streak of sadism in it.

The attraction of this tosh for many

American writers was in the story pattern that it provided. Story-writers get tired of the old patterns but are hard put to find new ones. They grasp eagerly at anything new, and then work that to death. From Shaw they had finally taken the idea of woman as the pursuer in the love-chase, an idea they could have found in Shakespeare. From Freud they took the theme of the Mother Complex and some muddled notions about the Unconscious. And now from Lawrence they got the pattern of a sex-drama. This consists of a struggle for supremacy between woman and man, typically a sex-duel between the intellectualized and frigid female and the would-be masterful male. The aim of the icy female in this sex-duel is to reduce the male to infantile subjection and helplessness — to turn him back into a little Lord Fauntleroy, poor fellow, instead of properly submitting herself to his masterful masculinity. This theme was not entirely new, but it had new literary possibilities, based on evidences of its actual existence as revealed in the psychological doctor-books.

The Lawrencian fantasy is used by various American writers for the purposes of social satire — the icy Young Lady being made to stand somehow for the existing property system of which she may be supposed to be the flower. The Young Lady is sometimes contrasted with the Earth Woman. If the hero is unfortunately married to the Young Lady, then his sweetie on the side can be an Earth Woman. But

more essential drama is provided by having the hero win the sex-duel with the impudent Young Lady by triumphantly converting her into his Earth Woman. Her conversion to Earth-womanliness may be accompanied by discourses on sociological themes by the hero, or the mental relationship of the two may be confined to the narrowest verbal range. This may not seem much of a drama; but if the other characters are all frustrated, something can be made of it, as with Hunkins and Eudora down in the furnace room.

All story-patterns, old and new, have some elements of truth to life in them. The trouble with the Joycian-Lawrencian fantasia is that it requires a set of characters who are all neurotics. Despite the broad sociological pretensions of these novels, their characters are too clinically selected. The one thing that it is scarcely possible to find in them is any variety of emotional health. But there are, I should say, at least several varieties of sexual behavior, conventional and unconventional, that are interesting and dramatic, open to observation and to some extent within the personal experience of writers, which fall happily outside the range of the psychiatric clinic; it would certainly be too bad if there were not. I, myself, don't believe that sexual frustration is endemic in American life. While I am about it, let me say that I believe that the capacity for normal sexual enjoyment is the general rule rather than the astounding exception, among

women as well as men. I don't believe that there is anything about intellectuality or education that is conducive to neurosis. I believe that mutual trustfulness and helpfulness between the sexes is far commoner than hostility, and that romantic emotions and attitudes toward attractive persons of the other sex come quite naturally to most people. I believe, too, that most people are as mannerly as they know how to be, at least when sober, and that both in real life and in stories there is a distinction between sexual frankness and neurotic rudeness. In short, I don't recognize the Joycian-Lawrencian story-book world as the one I have been living in all my life.

IV

Story-writers, to be sure, must select characters and incidents and contrive conversation to suit their own purposes; but a pseudo-psychiatric method of selection makes for a wearisome monotony in fiction. Whatever was once striking in this technique has become long since worn-out and stale. One eminent critic remarked that, with all due respect to the novels of Henry James, he doesn't wish to have any more of them, especially when they are written by other people. This remark might be applied even more fervently to the Joycian-Lawrencian fiction manufactured on American typewriters. The sour neurotic notes of contempt for sex and hostility toward women have been sounded just about long enough in current fiction.

Such books as these serve, with

young readers at any rate, to make up for the deficiencies of the movies. The younger that people are, generally speaking, the more it is true that in their lives the novel has been displaced by the movies as a source of story-enjoyment. But the movies cannot give much social criticism, nor go very deeply into the minds of the characters; and, operating under a censorship from which the novel has largely escaped, the movies are very restricted in their dealings with sexual matters.

Current American fiction of the kind that professes to be serious is invited, it would seem, to make up for the deficiencies of the movies by going in heavily for sex; and it will not matter much how crudely these literary vitamins are presented, for the stories containing them will not be judged by their main audience in accordance with any of the traditional standards of fiction. Hemingway will be judged largely by readers who learned about fiction from Hemingway. Some more erudite young readers will of course have graduated at once from the Rover Boys to Joyce, Proust, Gertrude Stein and Kafka. But the number of serious novels not of recent vintage read voluntarily by a young reader of the movie-going generation can often be counted on his fingers.

I used to look forward, as a young idealist, to the time when American fiction would be free to deal frankly with the sexual side of life. I believed that our fiction would be, as a result of that freedom, gayer and sweeter, healthier and saner. The results of

the freedom, so far, have not come up to my expectations. I suppose I should have realized that when the lid was lifted from that seething cauldron of repressions, what would emerge first in fiction would be the neurotic fantasies of guilt and fear.

I might have reflected that very good writers are sometimes extremely neurotic on the subject of sex. I might have thought of Tolstoi, the prince of realistic novelists. In his greatest novels he stops short at the bedroom door; but we do not have to guess what would have been the result if he had taken us inside, for there is *The Kreutzer Sonata* to tell us. That wild and painful farrago of neurotic conflict and guilt is Tolstoi in the bedroom. Is it not possible, though, that he would have understood and portrayed sympathetically the sexual behavior of people less tormented than himself? Perhaps, but it is doubtful. On that subject he was capable of losing touch with reality, truth, humor, beauty, tenderness and sanity. *Annä Karenina* and *War and Peace* are unquestionably the better for the absence of bedroom scenes dominated stormily by an agonized moralist. And it is surely our great good fortune that Victorian literary manners locked Dickens and Thackeray firmly out of the bedroom; the alternative staggers the imagination. Think of the pens that described the death of little Nell and the manners of the Marquis of Steyne turned loose upon bedroom scenes! Heaven has been kind in sparing us that.

V

It would be unpatriotic, no doubt, to attribute hypothetical neurotic attitudes to our distinguished American writers of the past. It is conceivable that we have lost something of great literary value as a result of repressive literary conventions which kept Hawthorne, Howells, Mark Twain and Henry James from including detailed and intimate bedroom scenes in their novels. Yet I rather doubt it. Had each of these writers written such a chapter and locked it up, and were those suppressed chapters now published, the results would certainly be instructive. They would not, I am sure, be as crude as the comparable passages in current American fiction, for these writers came too early to sit at the feet of Joyce and Lawrence and learn from them how to make mudpies. And if such chapters by any chance revealed neurotic attitudes on the part of their authors, these would at least be their own neurotic attitudes, honestly come by, not taken over from a couple of other fellows.

The argument is sometimes made that since the great novelists of the past got along so well with less freedom, while the writers of the present day do so badly with their freedom,

why shouldn't fiction give up a little of its freedom? That seems to me impossible. The forces of censorship are not reasonable; they are hysterical and relentless; their aim is to destroy all freedom of expression. They know just what is good for us to read, write, say and think; they are implacably determined to rule our minds, and they have no hesitation in using any instrument to punish recalcitrants. Their fears are limitless and their efforts at control are limitless. Give in to the censor, and soon he will be finding improper and subversive ideas in the Earthworm Tractor stories.

As a matter of fact, the literary freedom thus far achieved is not nearly so great as it is supposed to be. I expect much more freedom to be achieved; but I do not expect it to be successfully used by writers who despise their characters, and who are as neurotic as the censors are. I expect to be bored, disgusted and shocked by humorless, unkind, crude and incompetent accounts of the sexual behavior of slobs and louts and loons. But I do not propose to call in the police to protect my sensibilities. I can always turn to detective stories and to the stories in the women's magazines — both of which branches of our literature are improving remarkably.



DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



THE BLUE JAY

IT MIGHT seem to superficial speculation that the bitterest season of mid-winter must be a dull and unrewarding time for nature-minded countrymen. It might readily be supposed that however fascinating to a naturalist the contemplation of his surrounding earth-life in the green and flowering times of the year, there could surely be small pleasure for him in the sullen gray-white landscape of snowbound January.

But in fact it is otherwise. It is true that in January the life of earth comes about as close as it ever does to arrest and sleep. The great company of warm-weather birds is thinned to a sparse few. Bats are vanished into hibernation; woodchucks are invisible under the earth; skunks are sleeping; raccoons are sleeping; whole troops and multitudes of living things have withdrawn in migration or hibernation or death. In the stillness, whiteness, and murderous cold, it requires a difficult act of the imagination to realize that all the warm potency of

life is still continuing now, hardy as ever and only pausing, in the hidden seed and the hidden root. It requires a kind of act of faith to be assured that in a few weeks the song sparrows and meadowlarks will be flooding the thawed countryside with their tumultuous spring songs, and the skunk cabbages be flowering. January is indeed a gray and rigorous and bitter time, and the visible stir of earth-life is ominously little.

It is precisely on this account, however, that those creatures which can in fact persistingly be seen are seen now with an exceptional vividness, a particular intensity. It is only starving men who truly discover the fullness of the taste of food. It is only men who have been long ill who can perceive, with a rush of awareness and a focused delight, the shining glory of simply being healthy. In all experience, there is a law of diminishing returns. Enough is not as good as a feast. Enough brings the sluggishness and slowness that become apathy and can become despair. What gives the fillip to feasts is a touch of the experience of

famine. The principle of the interdependence of pain and pleasure, the everlasting pendulum-swing of the law of compensation, has been often and sonorously expounded by philosophers.

In the gray-white grimness of the January countryside, a naturalist need be no philosopher to know what is meant. In the dreary landscape he sees one shimmering flash of bright blue wings. He hears one ringing, triumphant bird-call — *beadle! beadle!* — sounding clear above the cutting whistle of the wind. He has seen and heard a blue jay; and suddenly he has experienced, with such a rush of tumultuously happy realization as could not come to him in any season when all the countryside is a continuous “enough” of bird-colors and bird-songs, how enchanting and extraordinary a thing a bird is, how engrossing to watch, how cherishable.

The known life histories of many birds, even quite common ones, contain obscurities and lack details. It is simply because the birds have not been watched enough, by enough eyes. Their life-patterns have to be discovered by the small and inadequate group of professional ornithologists. But there is no counting the thousands of countrymen who have watched blue jays’ every slightest activity in the lonely winter, and whose kindled interest has led them on to watch the jays all around the rest of the year. Farmers who can scarcely identify another species of bird are familiar with this crested

blue-&-white one and can recount a dozen intimately watched and wondered-at behaviors. We know the jay. We have feasted on him, in the famine of January.

II

Blue jays begin to pick up nesting-sticks sometimes as early as the latter part of March, as in an excited rehearsal. By mid-April they have paired, and by the end of the month they may be actually nesting. Jays are a sub-family of the family of crows, and they share alike crows’ wariness, wiliness, enthusiasm for hullabaloo, and their jaunty hardihood against the fury of bad weather. By the start of May, pretty surely, male and female blue jay will have selected their nest-site, preferably in the evergreen depths of a conifer, and will be building a coarse strong structure of sticks and twigs, with a lining of soft bark-strips and grasses.

Both birds work at the nest. With a characteristic jay-ingenuity, they do not commonly construct it entirely of dead twigs picked up from the leaf-layered floor of the woods. Such twigs are often winter-rotted and weak. The jays usually break their basic nest-sticks from living trees, using untested bits of fallen deadwood only in the later stages of the structure. So firm a nest results that it sometimes survives even a northern winter basically intact.

Incubation takes two weeks or a few days longer. Again both jays take part, sitting alternately on the three

to six mottled olive eggs. In nesting and fledgling time, jays are wonderfully silent and stealthy. They slip in and out of their evergreen with sly surreptitiousness, peering carefully in every direction before entering or leaving. Often a jay will enter its nest-tree at the base, and only then, having obtained invisibility deep among the green needles, will work its way cautiously up to the nest by a series of furtive dodgings and spiralings close around the trunk. Clan-spirited and devoted, jays bring each other tidbits as they take turns at incubating. Approached by an enemy while sitting on the eggs, a jay may so conquer its normal wariness and disposition to outcry that it will remain motionless and soundless until seized.

When the fuzzy gray nestlings have become blue and white fledglings and are ready for their own jay-careers, the silent and stealthy spirit of nesting-time vanishes abruptly. A troop of blue jays, young and old together, comes whooping and hallooing forth. There is restored to the countryside the familiar blue jay: strident, cocky, mischievous, mimicky, devoted to a life-way full of flash and hubbub.

Blue jays are incomparably the finest watchmen in the woods. Has a fox tried to issue unseen into a forest-clearing? It cannot be done. A blue jay sees him. With a shriek and a yawp, the jay-alarm goes ringing out through the trees, is taken up by other jays, and presently the woods-world in the fox's vicinity is all a flashing of strong blue wings and an uproar of

clamorous scolding. Has a screech owl thought to doze on a branch in the morning sunlight, or a sparrow-hawk to perch watchful on a high lookout-stub? *Jay!-Jay!-Jay!* goes the instant discovery-call, loud as any watchman's rattle. *Beadle!-Beadle!-Beadle!* comes an answer-note, in another of the forms of jays' innumerable utterances; and there is again uproar. In the obscure reaches of hagiography there is chronicled a holyman called Saint Fructuosus of Braga. One detail, at least, of his alleged sixth-century life sounds to a naturalist thoroughly reliable. The holyman had wished to be a hermit, and he retired, to that end, to the depths of the forest, where none should ever be able to discover his whereabouts. But he was defeated. He had to give it up. Every time he made the slightest stir in his cell or cave, the jays raised such a rip-roaring fuss that they gave his location away.

When jays cannot find excitement, they create it. They go bullying and belaboring some stray and harmless woodpecker. Or they call on their talent for mimicry and fill the woods with the frightening scream of a non-existent red-tailed hawk. An accomplished jay can render perfectly the song of a chickadee or the long-drawn mournful murmur of a wood pewee. One eminent ornithologist records a spectacular performance in which a jay in winter counterfeited the complex spring-time song of a male Baltimore oriole.

Jays, like crows, take a toll of the

eggs and fledglings of other kinds of birds. In the sentimental nature-thinking that is perennially popular, jays are on this account sometimes held to be hateful. There are applied to them such high-colored epithets as "robbers" and "murderers." It is as native to jays, of course, and as much an act of innocence, for them to eat a bird's-egg as for a gentle-eyed doe to eat a wisp of watercress or a contented rabbit to terminate the life-span of a carrot. Without the blear of sentimentalism, there is no evil to be detected in a jay. Practically speaking in the terms of biological economy, there is much good. With typical robustness and jauntiness, blue jays eat many of the fuzzier and pricklier sorts of caterpillars which other birds will not touch. Blue jays prey on other bird-life only occasionally, not hugely. They prey hugely on tent caterpillars, gypsy moth eggs, and seeds and nuts.

No birds exhibit much glint of what in human terms is meant by reason; but they can have a serviceable bird-wit, a practical canniness shading into cunning. Blue jays have almost as notable a share of it as crows. They have the same sort of skill in hiding and dodging. An adroit jay, with one small bush to give him protection, can defy the most murder-minded hawk. They have the same sort of practical samaritanism. Jays will cluster around a fallen fellow and try to raise him; they will bring food to one wounded or crippled. There are few woods-events more amusing

to watch than the stealthy guile of a jay as the bird follows a nut-burying squirrel, digs up all the caches, and carries them off to cache for himself.

It is because jay-wit is strictly limited, however, that blue jays perform one particularly valuable service. Though they have the native prudence to bury many nuts as winter approaches, and though they have the further ingenuity necessary to swindle nuts away from squirrels, they happily either store so many more nuts than they need, or remember so imperfectly where they have put the stored ones, that every year they achieve a planting of forests.

It is for no such dully sober consideration as jays' service to forestry, however, or because of any dismal statistic about the consumption of insect-eggs; that a countryman in January looks at blue jays and listens to them and feels his heart leap up. It is enough that this proud, gay flash of boisterous blue is here at all, symbol of life and undauntedness, in the bitter cold and the driving snow. It is enough that this sound is heard, this sound so excellently caught by Thoreau (. . . "the unrelenting steel-cold scream of a jay, unmelted, that never flows into a song, a sort of wintry trumpet, screaming cold; hard, tense, frozen music, like the winter sky itself"). It is enough to see and hear, in this sharp focus and this white world, this blue and brilliant and joyously living thing. There is not much life now; but there is this life; and it is wonderful.

HISTORIC SUPREME COURT BATTLES

BY NATHANIEL PHILLIPS

SOME time after Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson issued his public statement criticizing Justice Hugo L. Black in June 1946, the writer received a questionnaire from the American Institute for Public Opinion (the Gallup Poll). One of the questions asked if my opinion of the United States Supreme Court was as high as it had been ten years ago. I promptly answered, "Yes." Although many newspapers had treated the incident as though it was without precedent, I knew that such intra-Court squabbles were not uncommon in the annals of our highest judicial body. But it was in keeping with Court tradition that when Justice Jackson returned to the United States from his distinguished service at the Nuremberg Trials he greeted Justice Black with cordiality, and both men have since acted as though the dispute had never taken place.

However, another storm has broken. At the opening of the new Term of the Court last October, public announcement was made of a blistering dissent by Justice Jackson

(concurring in by Justice Frankfurter) criticizing an opinion of the court which had sustained the Securities & Exchange Commission in barring the management of the Federal Water and Gas Corporation from profiting from the purchase of stock during the reorganization of the company. The dissent said that there was "no law or regulation to support the Commission's order." And, as to Justice Murphy's majority opinion, Justice Jackson, in his dissent, said: "I give up. Now, I realize fully what Mark Twain meant when he said, 'The more you explain it, the more I don't understand it.'"

After all, as Justice (later Chief Justice) Hughes once said, the Supreme Court is made up, as is every human institution, of "imperfect human beings," and it has "the inevitable failings of any human institution." We should not expect that perfection of temperament and that unchanging restraint of temper that has been found missing even in supernal realms. Jupiter had his hands full keeping peace among the gods

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and goddesses on Olympus, and even Jehovah had to fling Satan from the heavens because he was breeding disharmony among the eternals.

Moreover, that members of our High Court have often bickered among themselves has been known to all students of that tribunal. Some of these differences found utterance in unseemly happenings while the members were in actual session, others in their off-bench association. Some justices have used their written opinions as a vehicle for expressing unflattering comments on their colleagues' views. Other judges, in private diaries and memoranda, have left a record of resentment at the judicial action of some of their brethren. But the history of the Supreme Court goes back to 1789 and, throughout that more than a century and a half of momentous lawgiving, the instances of personal squabbles are few and far between. The Jackson-Black episode must be viewed in that perspective.

The Court has rendered thousands of decisions, many accompanied by lengthy opinions. Some have profoundly influenced our institutions. Many of the dissenting opinions led to the fermenting of public feeling which in time caused a later bench to interpret the law as a minority once had. Justice Hughes has said: "We are under a Constitution, but the Constitution is what the judges say it is." Briefly touching upon some of their opinions, we will find that, throughout the history of the Court,

its members have been independent thinkers who expressed themselves vigorously and who often, in so doing, did not spare their colleagues.

II

The case of *Pennsylvania v. Wheeling Bridge Co.* (1850) involved the existence of a bridge over the Ohio River in the state of Virginia. The state of Virginia had authorized the bridge, but the state of Pennsylvania brought a bill in equity against it as a public nuisance since it interfered with the passage of river steamboats with high funnels. The majority of the Court supported the older form of transportation. Justices Taney and Daniel united in denouncing the decision. Daniel, in a fiery dissent, said: "Such an act as this court has been called upon to perform; such an act as it has just announced as its own, is, in my opinion, virtually an act of legislation, or, in stricter propriety (I say it not in an offensive sense), an act of usurpation."

In 1854 the Supreme Court decided the case of the Piqua Branch of the State Bank of Ohio *v.* Knoop. The Bank had been organized under an Ohio law which allowed banks a lower tax rate than other corporations. The law was repealed a few years later. The Bank claimed that the new law was unconstitutional, as constituting an impairment of contract. The majority of the Court gave judgment for the Bank on the ground that it possessed an irrevocable contract. Justice Campbell in a dissenting opin-

ion referred to the plaintiffs as "adventurers" "with greedy appetites for monopolies," and continued by asking "what remedy have the people if, as a result of vicious legislation, the state finds its property alienated, and its powers of taxation renounced in favor of chartered associations? . . . Under doctrines of this Court . . . the most deliberate and solemn acts of the people would not serve to redress the injustice, and the over-reaching speculation upon the . . . corruption of their legislature would be protected by the powers of this Court."

In the fateful Dred Scott decision (1857) the Supreme Court decided that a Negro was not a "person" and therefore could not sue in the United States Courts. Justices Curtis and Field filed dissenting opinions. Curtis always insisted privately that there were many pages in the published opinion of Chief Justice Taney that had not been delivered orally. A bitter correspondence on this subject followed between Curtis and Taney until Curtis became so disgusted that he resigned from the Court. After the decision, Lincoln said of the Court: "Our judges are as honest as other men and not more so. They have, with others, the same passions for party, for power, and the privilege of their corps."

In 1870 occurred an episode which profoundly shook the prestige of the Court. During the Civil War, paper money had been issued and it was decreed to be legal tender in the payment of debts. The paper money

depreciated in value. Holders of mortgages and other creditors attacked the Legal Tender Acts. The question of their constitutionality came before the Court in the case of *Hepburn v. Griswold*. The judges in their conference discussion of the case before coming to a decision, divided four to four. Among the judges upholding the Acts was Justice Grier, who was 76 years old and half-senile. He was prevailed upon to switch his vote. And so, by a vote of five to three, the Legal Tender Acts were declared unconstitutional insofar as they applied to contracts entered into before the Acts were passed. The next week all the other justices sent one of their number, Justice Field, with a message to Grier that "it was their unanimous opinion that he ought to resign." He did so. That left seven judges on the bench, of whom four had voted against the constitutionality of the Acts.

The resignation of Grier caused a vacancy in the Court, and Congress increased the number of judges to nine. President Grant promptly appointed two new judges. Shortly thereafter, the Court by a five-to-four vote (two of the five were the new Judges appointed by Grant and the other three were the old minority) reversed *Hepburn v. Griswold* and held the Legal Tender Acts constitutional in regard to all contracts, whether made before or after the passage of the Acts. Mr. Justice Miller afterwards criticized the conduct of Chief Justice Chase, in getting one

of the Justices to change his vote, as having resorted to an unworthy device to accomplish his purpose.

Some few years later, Justice Field's mental condition became such that his associates suggested that he retire and reminded him how he had once made the same suggestion to Grier. The old judge listened and finally shouted: "Yes! And a dirtier day's work I never did in my life." He remained for twelve more years.

III

In 1873 the Supreme Court decided the celebrated Slaughter House Cases. The legislature of Louisiana had passed an act granting certain monopoly privileges to slaughter houses which, however, had to be located in certain prescribed areas of New Orleans. The constitutionality of the act was attacked on the ground that by limiting slaughter houses to certain districts, the plaintiffs were deprived of property "without due process of law" and that the act thereby violated the Fourteenth Amendment. By a five-to-four decision, the Court held the statute valid. One of the dissenting Justices attacked the majority opinion, saying: "This Court has no authority to interpolate a limitation (upon the Fourteenth Amendment) that is neither expressed or implied. Our duty is to execute the law, not to make it. . . . To the extent of that limitation it turns, as it were, what was meant for bread into a stone."

In 1895 the Supreme Court de-

clared unconstitutional the income tax law which had been passed the year before. Justice Harlan, in delivering his dissenting opinion, violently pounded the desk before him, glared belligerently at the Chief Justice and at Justice Field and, it is said, shaking his finger accusingly in their faces, said in loud tones: "If that is the Constitution, the Constitution cannot be amended too quickly. . . . On my conscience I regard this decision as a disaster." Most outspoken of all was Justice Brown who said that "The decision involves nothing less than a surrender of the taxing power to the moneyed class." It took an amendment of the Constitution — the Sixteenth, ratified in 1913 — to overrule this decision of the Court and establish effective Income Tax legislation.

The Northern Securities case in 1904 saw the Supreme Court order the dissolution of a holding company on the ground that the Sherman Anti-Trust Act had been violated. The Sherman Act stated that any person guilty of its violation should be "punished by fine not exceeding five thousand dollars or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both fine and imprisonment." The case involved J. P. Morgan and James J. Hill and the Court held that the cases were civil, not criminal. Justice Holmes in his dissenting opinion protested this twisting of the intent of the law. Said Holmes: "It is vain to insist that this is not a criminal proceeding. . . . I say we must read the words before us as if the question were whether two small

exporting grocers should go to jail.”

In the case of *Abrams v. United States* (1919) the Supreme Court upheld a long prison term imposed upon five Russians in New York City who had issued a leaflet expressing resentment at the invasion of Russia by United States troops. The leaflet quoted some phrases from the Communist Manifesto of 1848. The majority of the Court held that the leaflet was an appeal to “the workers” to “put down by force the government of the United States.” Justice Holmes, with Justice Brandeis concurring, sharply dissented, stating: “In this case, sentences of twenty years imprisonment have been imposed for the publishing of two leaflets that I believe the defendants had as much right to publish as the Government had to publish the Constitution of the United States now vainly invoked by them.”

IV

The case of *Adkins v. Children's Hospital* in 1923 led to a five-to-four decision outlawing a minimum wage for women in the District of Columbia. Justice Holmes, in another famous dissent, said that to him the power of Congress to pass the legislation at issue seemed “absolutely free from doubt. . . . When so many intelligent persons who have studied the matter more than any of us, have thought that the means (of removing conditions leading to ill health, immorality, and the deterioration of the human race) are effective and worth

the price, it seems to me impossible to deny that the belief reasonably may be held by reasonable men.” Subsequent minimum-wage legislation was undisturbed by the Courts. The Court's change of attitude can be traced to the Holmes' dissent in the *Adkins* case.

In 1928 the case of *Olmstead v. United States* produced a five-to-four decision in which the Supreme Court held that no constitutional rights of the defendants had been infringed by allowing in evidence testimony that had been obtained through wire-tapping by prohibition agents. Justice Holmes sharply dissented, maintaining that while it was desirable for criminals to be detected, “the government should not itself foster . . . other crimes” as a means of obtaining evidence. Justice Holmes continued, calling the government's wire-tapping a “dirty business,” and that it was “a less evil that some criminals should escape than that the Government should play an ignoble part.”

Justice Brandeis again concurred in Holmes' dissent, saying: “To declare that the government may commit crimes in order to secure the conviction of a private criminal would bring terrible restitution. Against that pernicious doctrine this Court should resolutely set its face.”

In the *Oklahoma Ice Case* (1932) the Supreme Court nullified an Oklahoma law regulating competition in the ice business on the ground that this business was not sufficiently “affected with a public interest” to justify the

law. Justice Brandeis wrote a powerful dissenting opinion (concurring in by Justice Stone) wherein he held that the Court could prevent social and economic experimentation, but also warned that, "in the exercise of this high power, we must be ever on our guard, lest we erect our prejudices into legal principles."

The 1936 test case of the United States *v.* Butler marked the end of the AAA and led to the decision that Congress had no right to make payments to farmers for voluntary reduction of acreage or production. Justice Harlan F. Stone, in a dissenting opinion, used the frequently quoted comment:

The power of courts to declare a statute unconstitutional is subject to two guiding principles of decision which ought never to be absent from judicial consciousness. One is that courts are concerned only with the power to enact statutes, not with their wisdom. The other is that while unconstitutional exercise of power by the executive and legislative branches of the government is subject to judicial restraint, the only check upon our own exercise of power is our own sense of self-restraint.

In the case of *Ashwander v. Tennessee Valley* a few months later, the opponents of the Tennessee Valley Authority tried to bring about a test of the constitutionality of the act creating the Authority. However, the facts showed that the Authority had constructed a dam to improve the navigation of the Tennessee River. This was clearly within the power of the government, and involved only indirectly the main constitutional

question, *i.e.*, the right of the government to own and sell electric energy in competition with private companies. The Supreme Court by a vote of eight to one decided in favor of the government, but Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes went out of his way to attack the constitutional authority of the government to acquire energy except for certain limited purposes. Justice Brandeis, in a separate opinion in favor of the government, stated sharply that "considerations of propriety as well as long-established practice" should have prevented any discussion of the constitutionality of the Tennessee Valley Authority in any case where the constitutionality of the Authority was not involved.

In the beginning of 1944, the majority of the Court held in the case of *Anderson v. Abbot* that stockholders of a defunct Kentucky bank-stock holding company were liable for an assessment on shares of a national bank in the portfolio of the holding company, under double liability legislation formerly enforceable against national banks. Justice Jackson, writing for the dissenters, said that the majority was "professing to impose" its ideas on double banking liability "not as a matter of judge-made law, but as a matter of legislative policy, and it cannot cite so much as a statutory hint of such a policy." His dissent said further: "The Court is not enforcing a policy of Congress; it is competing with Congress in creating new regulations in banking, a field peculiarly within

legislative rather than judicial competence."

In early 1945, in the case of *Central States Electric Company v. Muscatine*, the Court rendered a five-to-four decision on the question of refund of gas rates to consumers in Iowa. Justice Black, in dissenting, said: "Thus, by a strange quirk of statutory construction the effort of Congress to protect consumers from excessive rates is transformed, where litigation is pending, into an act which exploits consumers and unjustifiably enriches distributing companies."

V

And so, as we have seen, there have been many sharp clashes among the Justices on the supreme bench. The Jackson-Black affair simply brought into sharp focus the dissension among members of the High Court of which there had been recurring rumors in previous months.

Of course, we want a harmonious Court but not at the cost of independent thinking among its members. Far better for the nation that we have vigorous disagreements among our Supreme Court Justices than such unanimity as accompanied the decision of the Court in 1819 in the case of *Sturges v. Crowninshield*. The decision was unanimous but Justice Johnson confessed that "the Court was greatly divided . . . and the judgment partakes as much of a compromise, as of a legal adjudication. The minority thought it better to yield something than risk the whole."

It is better to sacrifice unanimity if it can be gained only at the cost of independent thinking and fearless expression. When strong-minded men express themselves they may do so too strongly, often forgetful of the amenities. So far as the Supreme Court is concerned, the sharp utterances in recent months will cause misgivings only among the unthinking.

MINIATURE

BY MARY POOLE

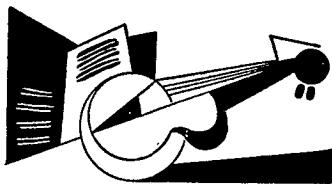
Her eyes
were siren cries
in language never learned.
No sailor from her heart's dead sea
returned.

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MUSIC

by SCHIMA KAUFMAN



THE STRADIVARIUS MYTH

TWO years ago the Monuments and Fine Arts division of the United States Army uncovered an international scandal in the \$3 million sale by Hans van Meegeren, an Amsterdam artist, of six paintings by Vermeer — canvases, which van Meegeren later confessed, had been executed by himself. At one crack this gifted swindler reduced several dozen eminent critics, historians, curators and scientists of two continents to a herd of asses; proved that he was as able a painter as his illustrious seventeenth-century predecessor; and exposed the snobbery which dictates the value of “old masters.”

The ignorance, pretensions and prejudice against contemporary ability, which made possible this gigantic fraud, are just as rife in other fields of art. In the violin world, they have risen to the proportions of a religion.

Name-worship of only a few makers of the Cremona school has endowed their instruments with esoteric qualities and parlayed the original price of around \$40 to anywhere between \$10,000 and \$85,000.

Only a comparatively small number of people in the whole world can unerringly identify “the Cremona tone” without seeing the violin. But no matter. Posturing, “expertizing” and plain swindling go on every day. A violinist “outgrows” his Guarneri and must graduate to a Stradivari or be looked upon as a failure. He trades his own good instrument — plus a considerable amount of cash — for a “Strad” which may turn out to be the work of an anonymous maker of fifty years ago. But the bill of sale begins: “This is *to the best of my knowledge*. . . .” You can’t jail anyone for ignorance.

The name of Antonio Stradivari (1644-1737), about whose life virtually nothing is known and who

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has been, therefore, the subject of much romancing, is of course, very famous. Nevertheless, in this dizzy atmosphere it must be fortified with an additional distinction. No Stradivarius worth its glamor dare circulate in violin society without an extra appellation, usually that of a bird or previous owner, if the latter was distinguished enough. If it also has a pretty history, if a duel has been fought over it or some virtuoso lost his fortune at cards and handed over his wife for it, so much the better. Even the Japanese have not underestimated the potency of the Stradivari name. Every fiddle which came out of the prewar Nagasaki factories — they sold for less than \$100 per dozen — bore a reproduction of his label.

Next in reputation and desirability to Stradivari come his predecessor and teacher, Nicolo Amati, and his contemporaries, the Guarneri family: Joseph del Gesu, plain Joseph and Andreas. The rest, Guadagnini, Montagnana, Ruggieri and one or two others, follow at a respectful distance.

II

Indisputably, the members of the Italian violin trust produced instruments of the highest quality. But to subscribe to the popular misconception that superior quality or, as the Sunday supplements put it, "the secrets of Cremona," died with them is an injustice to later craftsmen, if not actually a belief in something bordering on witchcraft.

Nicolas Lupot and J. B. Vuillaume, Paris luthiers of a hundred or more years ago, made such perfect copies of Stradivari models that some of the imitations "passed" somewhere along the line or today remain disputed. Yet outside the profession, Lupot and Vuillaume, the most famous of French makers, are names completely unknown.

Among living luthiers there are several whose handiwork, given the "benefit" of anonymity, is often heard in concert halls without anyone being the wiser. A number of years ago Georges Enesco astounded members of the Philadelphia Orchestra's violin section by announcing the fiddle he had played on was not his costly Guarnerius, but an inexpensive copy made by a fellow-Rumanian less than ten years before. Yehudi Menuhin performed two concerti in a single afternoon, one on his high-priced Stradivari, the other on a brand-new duplicate. There was no apparent difference in tone and nobody was aware of the substitution. In fact, when they were lying side by side in their case, practiced eyes could not tell them apart. Koch (Dresden), Yurkevitch (New York) and Sangster (Dallas) have produced violins which Jascha Heifetz, an artist with a tremendously sensitive ear, has pronounced the equal of any made.

In January 1946, violist William Primrose concluded a tour of forty recitals in North and South America, during which lavish praise had been bestowed on "the marvelous tone"

of his \$10,000 Amati. Speaking directly to a Detroit audience and later at a press conference, he dealt believers of the age and name myths a powerful blow. In all forty recitals, he said, he had not used his Amati once. What he had played was a viola which had been made for him in Philadelphia by William H. Moennig, Jr. It was six months old; its price was \$1000. "There's more snobbery connected with old instruments," said Primrose, "than with anything I know."

Moennig, regarded by many as the best of living violin makers, is already being referred to as "America's Stradivarius," a tag which he doesn't quite relish. His instruments have frequently been tested in the company of "old masters" and have never failed to make an excellent showing. In 1940, his copies of instruments played by the Curtis String Quartet — two Stradivari violins, an Amati viola and a Montagnana cello — stood up to the originals in eight comparison performances behind a screen. A total of 4300 listeners in eight different cities voted the Moennigs 90 per cent as good as the Cremonas, a percentage which probably would have been higher if the audiences were not aware that contemporary instruments were entered in the trials.

A year before, these same instruments had been subjected to a series of searching tests in a laboratory set up by the Physics Department of Harvard University. Dr. F. A. Saunders, who built the acoustical apparatus

for the tests, had found the Moennigs more responsive and more even over the pitch range than the old models, which are popularly supposed to have "mellowed with age."

In a demonstration before the Franklin Institute (reported in the Institute's *Journal* for January 1940), Dr. Saunders issued cards lettered A, B and C to the audience and asked them to record their guesses as to which of three violins — a Stradivari, a Moennig and one made by a foreign contemporary — played behind a screen was the Stradivarius.

"Those of the audience who were musical," wrote Saunders,

did no better than the rest. A considerable portion admitted that they were uncertain in their judgments, while slightly more than half preferred one or the other of the new violins. It was obvious that only a few of the listeners could recognize the tone of a Stradivarius by ear alone. Some persons who are justly regarded as experts did not vote correctly. Nearly a quarter of the audience judged the Moennig to be the Stradivarius [The "Rossignol," made in 1717; lent by Mme. Lea Luboshutz].

Last June a Philadelphia violinist, Antony Zungolo, gave a recital in the University of Pennsylvania Museum, playing his program on four different instruments: a Guadagnini, a Moennig, a Stradivari and a Vuillaume. The order in which the instruments were played was not announced in advance. The audience consisted almost wholly of professional violinists, "experts" and collectors. Of the 234 who turned in ballots, only twelve were able to give the correct

order. On the vote for preference in tone quality, the Moennig came in first with 87 votes, the Vuillaume second with 74 and the Stradivari placed third with 43. A majority also believed the Moennig to be the Strad. And several experts were far off on all counts.

III

William Moennig comes of ten generations of violin makers whose headquarters is still Markneukirchen, Saxony. He was born in Philadelphia and at fifteen left high school to enter his father's shop, where repair work was a mainstay of the business. After fifteen years of apprenticeship he packed up and went to Germany to complete his studies. He returned two years later with the only certificate of membership in the European Guild of Violin Makers ever awarded to an American. He also acquired a load of Carpathian spruce and Tyrolean maple which the old-country Moennigs had aged for years in yards and on rooftops.

Moennig claims that a violin's varnish, which is venerated by antiquarians, has no appreciable bearing on its tone unless it is applied too freely. "The real purpose of varnish," he says, "is to preserve the wood, keep worms from getting in and to add beauty of appearance. A well-made violin has the same tone 'in the white' as it later has when varnished." He himself does not string his violins before varnishing for fear of rosin or other foreign matter adhering to the

wood. For the same reason, he avoids sand and carbon papers in finishing the body of the instrument, preferring to use the tiny metal scrapers fashioned by himself and earlier Moennigs.

He also briefly dismisses a great deal of other hocus-pocus in violin building. "There are no secrets," he declares. "In my opinion, an instrument's quality depends on the age and choice of woods, the maker's eye for detail and, of course, his innate talent."

The lumber which he brought from Europe was turned every month in the first decade after cutting, so that the sap would dry out evenly. After that a turn every half-year was deemed sufficient. He believes Tyrolean maple from the northern slopes is the best in the world for sides and backs. The even temperatures and gradual rate of growth produce curls of the same average size which are conducive to freer sound vibrations. Moennigs of a century ago cut full-grown trees in winter when there was a minimum of sap. They would go out and strike the maples until they came upon one that gave out the right sound. Wood-procurers for the Cremonese followed the same practice. "Much of the success of Amati and Stradivari," Moennig believes, "was due to their living so close to the source of the best wood."

Moennig's working methods are devoid of the mystery, ostentation and dramatic flourishes which, if he chose, could be capitalized on in this

age of "colorful" celebrities. Together with his father, he runs a repair and accessory shop on Locust Street, Philadelphia, where they sit side by side at carpenters' benches in a back room. He lives above the shop and also has a workroom in his Collegeville summer home.

He has enough commissions to keep him busy for the next few years; therefore, he makes instruments only to order. He studies a player's peculiarities of style, finger and arm length, and considers the complaints against the customer's present instrument. Then he does a tailor-made job.

Primrose's viola, begun after a year and a half of calculations, posed an especially tricky problem. Until this outstanding artist had made it a solo instrument, the viola, a lower-voiced cousin of the violin, had been limited to the more restricted requirements of orchestra and chamber music. Primrose needed a type of viola that had not existed before. "I want quality with power," he told Moennig, "so that the music will come out without an obvious wrestling match in front of the public." The result was an instrument that was five eighths of an inch longer than his Amati, combining the Amati's roundness of tone with a Stradivari's greater brilliance. This was the viola which made fools of critics and experts in forty cities.

Moennig's growing fame is still infinitesimal compared to the renown of his dead rivals. And the fractional prices he is able to command for his instruments keeps his output down

to four or five a year. He is now 42. If he lives as long as Stradivari (93), he will have half a century to turn out approximately one quarter of the Italian's total of 1100 instruments — 275 specimens of his work to speak for him all over the world. But two hundred years from now the "old Masters" will be that much older and prejudice against today's instruments will be that much stronger. For the Cremona group had the formidable advantage of a head start, and the glamor of a more romantic century will always be on their side.

Unfortunately, contemporary violin makers, admittedly the victims of a world conspiracy against them, are just as guilty as the next man in boosting the already inflated names of the past. They seem unaware that the bit of reflected glory they obtain by marking their instruments copies of Stradivari, Guarneri and Amati would be more than compensated if they built up their own names.

Modern craftsmen would do well to employ modern methods in taking their case to the public. If they ever hope to break the name trust and enjoy the fruit of their labors, they should form rigid associations which in turn would hire the best publicity talent for promoting their product. They should also get more soloists to play their instruments in public and announce the maker's name from the stage, as Primrose did.

Or will it have to take a few more van Meegerens to make modern craftsmen come into their own?

THE RECORD CABINET

by HOWARD L. GOODKIND

THE ELIJAH, by Mendelssohn. *Columbia*, MM 715, 2 albums, 16 records, \$22.70. Music lovers who have enjoyed the recently released *Messiah* will be pleased to learn that the same orchestra and chorus and three of the same soloists have again combined their talents for Columbia. In this new recording of the *Elijah*, Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and the Huddersfield Choral Society of Yorkshire, England, with Isobel Baillie, Gladys Ripley, James Johnston and Harold Williams singing the solo rôles.

Mendelssohn, who composed the *Elijah* almost one hundred years after Handel completed the *Messiah*, had obviously learned a great deal from his predecessor, although few of the eighteenth-century devices are in evidence in the later oratorio. Gone are the complicated runs, the delicate trills and the other conceits of Handel's time. Only in the aria by Elijah starting "Is not his word like a fire!" is there any similarity to the *Messiah*. Again in contrast to Handel's work, Mendelssohn's arias, dialogues and quartets are well integrated both musically and textually with the choral passages.

The Huddersfield group displays the same remarkable balance and tone which made its performance in the *Messiah* so inspiring. The part of Elijah is sung with power and brilliance by Harold Williams who has distinguished himself in Great Britain by his interpretations of the rôle. Columbia's engineers have handled the lovely soprano voice of Isobel Baillie with more care in this recording than they did in the *Messiah*. She sings her solos, which were originally composed by Mendelssohn for the famous soprano Jenny Lind, with the tenderness and quality they deserve. In other respects, the engineers have done a good job in reproducing this magnificent testimonial of religious faith.

THREE RASOUMOVSKY QUARTETS, by Beethoven. *Victor*: No. 7, DM 1151, 5 records, \$6.00; No. 8, DM 1152, 4 records, \$5.00; No. 9, DM 1153, 4 records, \$5.00. A new string group called the Paganini Quartet makes its debut on Victor records this month. An interesting sidelight connected with this new string ensemble concerns its instruments, all of which were made by Stradivarius. They were owned by the violin virtuoso Niccolò Paganini, who used the first violin on all his concert tours of Europe. The viola is the same instrument which served as the inspiration for Berlioz when he composed his *Harold in Italy*. If future recordings by this quartet come up to the high level established by this first release, the Budapest String Quartet (exclusively Victor) will have a worthy competitor.

Beethoven composed these three quartets for Count Andreas Rasoumovsky between 1806 and 1807. They represent some of the most difficult and radical chamber music of the nineteenth century. Both the seventh and eighth quartets are intense, thoughtful and strongly influenced by the Russian Count, who liked a Slavic lilt to his music. When the three are heard together, however, it is the ninth, with its lively themes and ingenious rhythms, which stands out. The second movement's cello pizzicato is especially lovely. All four instruments are handled expertly, but the cello playing of Robert Maas is worthy of special praise.

MORTON GOULD SHOW CASE. *Columbia*, MM 706, 4 records, \$5.85. This is an entertaining and imaginative collection of Morton Gould arrangements. Gould, one of America's most original and prolific composers, takes a novel approach to these tunes, which number among them some of the finest compositions of the past

HOWARD L. GOODKIND is associate editor of *The Story of Our Time*, a history of the year. During the war he produced radio programs of serious music for soldiers in Europe.

two decades. Although it is at times difficult to detect exactly which melody Gould is arranging, his spicy orchestrations are a pleasant relief from the "re-bop" school of jazz. Such favorites as *Blues in the Night*, *The Peanut Vendor*, *Georgia on My Mind*, *Begin the Beguine* and *Limehouse Blues* are included in the album.

SONGS YOU LOVE. *Victor*, M 1150, 4 records, \$4.00. Another album in the popular field is a direct contrast to the one above. This has little to recommend it. In these records, Robert Merrill's voice has neither body nor quality. His pedestrian renditions of *Ahl Sweet Mystery of Life*, *Yours Is My Heart Alone*, *Always and I'm Falling in Love with Someone* will probably do nothing to increase the popularity of these standard best-sellers. Also included in the album are two "Negro" songs called *Jonah and the Whale* and *Down to De Rivah*. This is an example of the poor taste which is so often exhibited by our baritones who enjoy trying to improve on Negro folk music. The substance of their endeavors usually consists of nothing more than substituting "de" for "the" and affecting a very bad minstrel dialect. The songs never sound genuine and they are far from amusing.

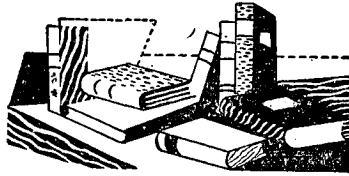
THE YOUNG PERSON'S GUIDE TO THE ORCHESTRA, by Benjamin Britten. *Columbia*, MM 703, 3 records, \$4.60. People who have difficulty identifying the various members of the orchestral family will welcome this new album, which is performed by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Sir Malcolm Sargent. Originally composed by Britten, one of England's best-known young composers, as the musical background for a British educational film, this instructive album presents the instruments of the orchestra in their natural habitat. Britten has chosen a theme by Henry Purcell as the basic element of the work. As he introduces each group of instruments, he assigns it a variation on the Purcell theme to perform. In this way, the listener who follows the composition with program notes, learns to pick out the instruments by their tones and other distinguishing characteristics. Although Britten's music by itself is not world-shaking, as an aid to learning for either children or adults it is superior.

THE APPASSIONATA SONATA, by Beethoven. *Columbia*, MM 711, 3 records, \$4.60. This is a masterful performance by Rudolf Serkin. When Serkin plays Beethoven, it is music under a microscope. The most subtle passages are carefully executed and no detail is too small to escape his attention. Serkin's performance of the F minor sonata is spell-binding. Fortunately, the mechanics of the album enhance rather than detract from the musical value, as is so often the case. The piano is probably the most difficult of all instruments to reproduce, but this recording is up to concert-hall quality.

MOZART OPERATIC ARIAS. *Victor*, DM 1157, 2 records, \$2.85. Eleanor Steber, the talented Metropolitan soprano, is in excellent voice in these recordings. Mozart enthusiasts will enjoy her renditions of the popular arias *Non so piu son* and *Deh vieni, non tardar*, from the *Marriage of Figaro*, as well as "Firm is My Decision" (in English) from the *Abduction from the Seraglio*. Miss Steber knows how to sing her Mozart; she makes a charming Cherubino and a lovely Suzanna. Coming so close on the heels of the *Columbia Mozart Arias* of Ezio Pinza (MM 643), a comparison between the two is inevitable. Pinza's Mozart is an entity in itself. Although the other members of the Metropolitan handle their parts with great skill, it is Pinza alone who seems to have an uncanny ability to put life into his characters. It is almost a pity that Miss Steber's album has to follow so soon after Pinza's great recording.

THE DRAMATIC SYMPHONY, ROMEO AND JULIET, by Berlioz. *Victor*, DM 1160, 3 records, \$3.85. These excerpts from *Romeo and Juliet* were recorded for Victor by Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Although it is a worthwhile addition to record libraries, some collectors may miss the choral passages and the Queen Mab sequence, which was omitted because of technical difficulties at the time of recording. This will be released at a later date as a single record. The selections which have been chosen for this album do not represent the best portions of the symphony. The performance, however, is excellent, and the set is free from surface defects.

THE LIBRARY



STALIN-WORSHIP IN RUSSIAN SCHOOLS

by **BERTRAM D. WOLFE**

WHAT does the Kremlin want? Is it planning war or peace? What is its program for tomorrow, for ten years from tomorrow, for a generation from now? Analysts have tried to deduce the answers from the zigzags of a changing political expediency, from the "diplomatic" utterances of a Vyshinsky or a Molotov, from the abusive broadcasts of the Moscow radio, from the hard pronouncement of Stalin on the "inevitability of war" and from his soft pronouncements on "peaceful cohabitation." To Professor Counts, a pedagogue, it occurred that an officially approved and prescribed text on Russian pedagogy would give a clearer perspective on the long-range aims of the Kremlin than any of these. The work he has selected,¹ given the nature of Soviet monolithicism, is not just one book of pedagogy

among many, but *the* book — obligatory reading for every teacher in the land. It will tell him what to believe, what to teach and how to teach it; tell him with terrible explicitness what the state is trying to make of its youth, what kind of adults it is planning to produce.

To keep his volume short and accessible to the general reader, Dr. Counts has translated not the entire textbook, but only the sections on "Moral Education." What these give is not only a key to the Soviet system of indoctrination; they are no less a self-revelation on the nature of Stalinist morality, the purposes and spiritual structure of the Russian State, its plans for what Stalin himself has called the task of "human engineering" — a classically fetishistic expression, which reduces men to the level of material things.

The title chosen by Professor Counts (*I Want to Be Like Stalin*) is less apt than his choice of material. It lays his careful translation open to the charge of doctoring, for it is not the title of the original (simply styled *Pedagogy*), nor the subtitle of any part of it. Nor can it be said — given

¹ *I Want to Be Like Stalin: An Authoritative Soviet Statement of the Principles of Education in Communist Morality, from the Approved Russian Text on Pedagogy* by B. P. Yesipov and N. K. Goncharov. Third Edition, 1946. Translated by George S. Counts and Nucia P. Lodge. John Day, \$2.00.

the nature of personal absolutism and leader-worship — that the ordinary Soviet citizen or youth can conceivably dream of ever being like that all-wise, all-powerful, all-perfect, universal and unique genius.

To be sure, Counts did not conjure up his title entirely out of thin air. The section on "Education of the Volitional Qualities of Character" declares that such qualities can be developed by giving the child "acquaintance with the personalities of people of will" and by taking advantage of childish aspirations expressed in such phrases as "I want to be like Stalin; I want to be like Chkalov; I want to be like a hero in the Patriotic War." But it is notable that Chkalov (an aviator who flew nonstop to America) is dead; that the only heroes of the Patriotic War (*i.e.*, World War II) given mention in this book, except for Stalin, are dead. And when the *Pedagogy* suggests taking incidents from the biographies of Russia's "best people" to develop certain desirable qualities in children, the only names mentioned are Lenin, Stalin, Dzerzhinsky, Sverdlov and Kirov. Once more, all the models, save one, are dead. No Molotov nor Malenkov nor Zhdanov, nor any living man, may hope to be "like Stalin." For even more than the Tsar in his day, even more than the *Fuehrer* in his, the *Vozhd* is the one living person to whom all allegiance is owed, in whom all must believe, whom all must worship and love and serve, but whom none can resemble. For the God of

this quasi-religious cult is a jealous God, both by reason of his personal temperament and by reasons of strategy. Only the safely dead, and then only those dead who are safely tied up with his apostolic succession, can be safely admired beside him.

Moreover, every mention of those anointed ones who handed down to him the mantle of succession (Marx, Engels, Lenin) must invariably be made in adoring superlatives. These four are here pronounced "the greatest people of history," and "models in the mastery of all the wealth of knowledge accumulated by mankind." Marx made "original contributions" to knowledge in every field he so much as touched upon in passing, "even in the field of mathematics." Engels "stood immeasurably higher in military science than the best military specialists and military theoreticians of the ruling class." Lenin was "a man of genius," and the assertion was proved, characteristically, by citing the fact that Stalin "has said Lenin was a man of genius." And Stalin himself, of course, is the unsurpassable and unattainable model in every field, from morals to manners, from philosophy to military science, from "boundless love for his people" to "boundless hatred for the enemies of the people."

In the Soviet Union, motherhood may be an attribute widely and democratically distributed, but fatherhood, or at least the incarnation of the father-image, is reserved for Stalin alone. The section on "Love for

Parents and Respect for Elders” makes this clear, when it says:

Our children must appreciate how honorable is the title of mother in our land; only in the Soviet Union has the state established the title of “Mother Heroine” and the bestowing of orders and medals on mothers of many children. And with the word “father” we address the Great Stalin when we wish to express to him the feeling of filial nearness and of love and respect.²

“From the kindergarten” (which, thanks to the factory crèche system first established by decree of Count Witte, has a much wider scope than the kindergarten of other lands), the littlest tot must be taught “how Comrade Stalin watches over every Soviet person.” If “Lenin created the rigorous science of Communist morality,” it was Stalin who “enriched the teachings of Communist morality with his own labors of genius. . . . Stalin in his works has disclosed the essence of morality, and has indicated the faults of the Soviet people. . . . Stalinist teaching about morality includes humanism. Comrade Stalin himself is the model of humaneness.” Thus Joseph Stalin is at one and the same time the incarnation of the Word made man, the model of man’s humanity and humaneness, the Grand Inquisitor who gives us our “directives” (which are “inviolable laws”) and shows us “the faults of the Soviet people”; the Apostolic Vicar who heads the true church; and the

Father-God image who “watches over every Soviet person.”

Indeed, the chapter on “Socialist Humanism” has no other content than His sayings, acts and directives, no other model than this “model of humaneness.” (If the reader thinks it strange that this man — who rose to power by killing all his closest comrades and whose use of power was marked by the bloodiest purges and most sweeping concentration-camp enslavement in history — should serve as the one and only “model of humaneness,” he might be referred, in explanation, to the Soviet science of semantics. In a popular Soviet dictionary I found the word *poshchada* [“mercy”] exemplified by only two phrases: *bez poshchady* and *net poshchady vragam naroda!*, which mean, “without mercy” and “No mercy for the enemies of the people!”, two characteristic expressions of Stalinist humanism.)

II

“Education,” reads the first sentence in *Pedagogy*, “is directed toward the strengthening of the Socialist State.” “The new man” to be created by education is “characterized by his attitude towards labor” for the State. The book explains this in detail:

The Communist attitude towards labor is most intimately related to the *Communist attitude towards public ownership*. [Italics in the original.] It is the duty of every citizen to safeguard and strengthen public, socialist property . . . as the source of wealth and power of the Motherland. . . . People who strive to contribute as much as

² The entire opening chapter of a new history text by Bagirov (*The History of the Bolshevik Organization in Baku and Azerbaijan*, published in 1946) is a hymn to Stalin, “our own true and beloved father in the flesh.”

possible to society, to the State, and are ready to give their lives for the Motherland — such people are patriots. The cultivation of Soviet patriotism in the younger generation is the most important task of moral education in our country. . . . Soviet patriotism is expressed in devotion to the Communist Party and supreme readiness to serve the cause of Lenin and Stalin. . . . To educate a member of our Soviet society means to educate a person to understand that he has no personal interests opposed to the collective interests, that with us there are no contradictions between individuality and society. . . . Pupils must come to know that in our Soviet country the interests of the people are inseparable from the interests of their Government. . . . We must instill into our youth the knowledge that our truth is the truth of all toiling mankind. . . . Children associate with the concrete images of Lenin and Stalin, the Party created by the great leaders . . . our Soviet state, our Fatherland . . . to see the relation of their work and their study to the tasks of the entire society, to the tasks of the State. . . . To sum up, moral education is an education which shapes all the actions, all the habits, and the entire conduct of a person, determining his attitude toward people, toward his Motherland, towards labor, and towards public property. . . .

Such quotations could be multiplied indefinitely. What is striking about them is their totalitarian character: their equation of morality and unquestioning service to the absolute leader and the absolute state, their equation of all the activities, purposes and thoughts of the individual and the purposes and activities of the state, their very equation of society and the state. For what is totalitarianism, if not this total efficacy and ubiquity of the state?, this regarding

of the state and its purposes as coextensive with society and its activities?, this regarding of the individual as swallowed up completely, without any remainder, in the citizen or the subject?, this denial of any autonomy other than the state's? The total state seeks to regulate every activity, from poetry and philately to sexual intercourse. There is perhaps no better evidence for the extent to which this totalitarianism has come to be taken for granted than in Vyshinsky's recent statement to British and Canadian servicemen who wished to take their Russian wives home with them:

We have no racial prejudices as to whom our women may marry, but it is up to us whether or not they leave the country; the duty of a Russian woman is to produce Soviet children — not children for the Canadian Government.

Thus the most striking feature of this text on "moral" education is that the "morality" is purely political, purely statist, and that all training of the emotions, the conduct and the will of Soviet children is conceived in the spirit so well summarized by Mussolini, but so much more efficiently embodied by Stalin: "All for the State; nothing against the State; nothing outside the State."

III

As a result, the text is saturated with a chauvinistic and militaristic spirit, for, as Randolph Bourne aptly observed: "War is the health of the State."

The children are to be imbued with

the conviction that Russia is "the largest country in the world . . . the richest country in the world . . . the most powerful country in the world . . . the most advanced country in the world." Its scientists, and its scientists alone, are responsible for all modern technical inventions and discoveries, from the electric light, telephone and wireless to the liberation of atomic energy. (This last was solemnly proclaimed by a spokesman of the Soviet Academy of Science on October 29, 1947!) Its leaders are the leaders of all mankind and its truth the truth of all mankind.

The content of every subject is systematically slanted to militarize the child's mind:

"The cultivation of Soviet patriotism is the most important task of moral education." From the tenderest years, "physical education as a whole is to promote the development of those qualities which are essential to future warriors of the Red Army." The kindergarten (third to sixth years) is to instill "discipline, love of our great Motherland, love and respect for the Red Army." In their games, the little ones are to "play Red Army soldier: in their hands are little flags, on their uniforms and caps are the insignia of infantry, tankmen, sailors and aviators. They march in formation to the tune of a martial song." Other nations play at soldier; in this land they plan and work and drill at it on a scale unknown in the history of mankind. Witness the following passage:

Primary school work is conducted for the purposes of equipping pupils with those elements of general knowledge which are closely related to the military preparation of future warriors. . . . Children are to become acquainted with the types of arms used in the Red Army. . . .

In the course in geography, attention should be given to the development of the ability to define cardinal points, read a map, grasp the relations of the various elements of relief; this is an essential part of military study. . . .

Mathematics should provide training in the use of the scale, divider, caliper and other instruments [used] in the making of a simple survey of a locality. Knowledge of mathematics is extremely important for the mastery of military technique. . . .

The very childish senses must be trained for war: auditory discrimination, for instance, must be trained so that children may be able "to hear the faintest sounds even to a barely perceptible rustling," because "in modern warfare the future defenders of the Motherland, and particularly the scout, must possess such powers."

And of course the arts and the emotions are also mobilized: films like *The Death of Ivan Susanin* (Ivan Susanin is better known as the hero of the opera and play, *A Life for the Tsar!*) should cause "the hearts of children to be filled with a feeling of hatred toward the enemies of the Fatherland." With "simple artistic words, in a song, in a picture, in a play, or in a film, the school cultivates in pupils a love for our Motherland . . . and for the leaders of the people . . . nurtures hatred toward enemies." Everywhere, this love and this

hate are the two faces of the same "morality":

The pupils of the Soviet school must realize that the feeling of Soviet patriotism is saturated with irreconcilable hatred toward the enemies of our socialist society. Hatred gives birth to class revolutionary vigilance and creates a feeling of irreconcilability toward the class enemy. . . . It is necessary to learn not only to hate the enemy, but also to struggle with him . . . to unmask him . . . to destroy him.

Once more we are back to "Stalinist humanism"! And from the great and humane Russian classics, the only passage cited in these chapters, used here to incite a megalomaniac chauvinism, is Belinsky's "prophecy" in an Almanac for the year 1840:

We envy our grandchildren and great-grandchildren, who are destined to see Russia in 1940 standing at the head of the civilized world, legislating to science and art, and receiving reverent tribute from all enlightened humanity.

"These remarkable words," the teachers are solemnly assured, and must assure their charges, "have been fulfilled."

IV

The third thread running through every page and sentence, along with totalitarianism and chauvinism, is robotism. Not only is there a separate chapter on education in order, obedience and discipline — those words are everywhere. In the first chapter, along with defense of the state and labor for the state and respect for state property, this keynote is sounded:

Essential also is the development of disciplined conduct in pupils. . . . Discipline is one of the basic conditions of the Communist attitude toward labor. . . . The cultivation of discipline in children has as its purpose . . . the preparation for organized disciplined labor in higher schools, in production, and in the service of the Red Army.

This discipline is to take advantage of the fact that "children imitate before they understand." It is to use the resources of behavioristic conditioning and to make habits of obedience automatic and unconscious, to inculcate in the child, in lieu of conscience, "a feeling that honor means to get him to value the good opinion of people in authority."

But it is not merely a question of ensuring the *discipline* of pupils during school. . . . Before the teacher stands a much deeper task: the cultivation in children of a *state of discipline* . . . as one of the most important traits of character . . . discipline is firm, that is, it is unquestioned obedience and submission to the leader, the teacher, or the organizer. Without this, there is no discipline; submission to the will of the leader is a necessary and essential mark of discipline.

The teacher is instructed as to the various categories of "command, admonition, request, advice, coercion, punishment, expulsion from school" (which in Russia means expulsion from all schools, and an end to any possibility of being integrated into society). "A request" is defined as "a demand couched in a mild form [so that] the pupil imagines that he is given the right to choose independently a line of conduct in an actual

concrete case." Expulsion is aimed not at correcting or reforming the victim, "but rather at creating normal conditions of work for the majority."

Essentially, what is planned is a conservative society, in which the abyss (which socialism was to abolish) between thinking and planning on one hand and executing on the other, between command and performance, between intellectual labor and physical labor, is widened more than ever. In this robot society, the only place left to "initiative" is zeal in carrying out commands:

The tasks of Communist education require that our pupils leave school as people of initiative. Citizens of our Soviet Union are expected not only to execute consciously and perseveringly the will of their leaders, but also to show personal resourcefulness of their own and contribute a spark of creativeness directed toward the welfare of the Motherland. . . . It is important, however, that initiative should not be exhibited impulsively, but that it be directed into organized channels.

"Stubbornness" is defined as "an irrational desire to have one's own way." Bravery is to be encouraged but "it is necessary to explain that there is a great difference between bravery and insolence or reckless audacity. . . . When you say: I am ready to give my life for my Motherland, then will the question of bravery be resolved." And Stalin himself is quoted on the rôle of "consciousness" in discipline: "Iron discipline is not excluded, but conscious and willing acceptance of subordination is pro-

posed, for only conscious discipline can be iron discipline in fact."

In such a conservative society, there is no place for the innovator, which omission will, in the long run, prove the clay feet of this giant of brass:

Habits have tremendous power, not only in the life of the individual, but also in the life of the collective. . . . Violation of the habitual order by any one arouses a sense of perplexity on the part of the collective and is followed by resistance. The violator, feeling the disapproval of the majority, submits to the established regimen. A system of definite habits of conduct . . . gives a certain style to the social life of the institution and constitutes what is known as *tradition*. [Italics here, as throughout, in the original.]

As the Rules for School Children, adopted by the Soviet of People's Commissars in 1943, and repeatedly referred to here, make abundantly clear, this "tradition" is in many ways singularly like the tradition of the bureaucratic-hierarchical Tsarist régime. Rule 1 states the aim of education: "to become a cultured and educated citizen *and* to serve most fully the Soviet Motherland." Here are some other rules:

Rule 3. To obey without question the orders of school director and teachers. . . .

Rule 9. To rise as the teacher or director enters or leaves the classroom. . . .

Rule 12. To be respectful to the school director and the teachers, to greet them on the street with a polite bow, boys removing their hats. . . .

Rule 19. To carry always his pupil's identity card . . . presenting it on request of director or teacher. [In the text,

this card is aptly compared to the father's internal passport, or workbook.]

"For violation of these rules," the code ends, "the pupil is subject to punishment, even to expulsion from schools."

And, lest this be misunderstood, the Chapter on "Education in Socialist Humanism" admonishes:

We must cultivate in our children a feeling of respect and a cultured attitude toward elders, and particularly toward teachers. The significance which the Central Committee of the Communist Party assigns to the cultivation of these traits of character in the younger members of our socialist collective is revealed in the fact that it has established expulsion from schools as a form of punishment for insulting a teacher or a school director.

In short, by virtue of its amoral and anti-moral implications, this Soviet *Pedagogy* is a terrifying moral document. It is a tract for our times, more revealing than *Mein Kampf*, for it does not lay down the program to be achieved through power so much as the blueprints for the "human engineering of the soul of the 'New Man.'"

And what is this New Man being nourished on? Planned ignorance and misinformation concerning other countries and his own, unrestricted chauvinism, "unquestioning obedience

to authority," abject, worshipful, quasi-religious obedience and zealous "love" and service to the leader, whose "directives are inviolable laws," whose word in any field is proof and final judgment. He is being scientifically drilled and habituated to a finished and authoritarian society which, however much it may continue to expand materially, is condemned to wither intellectually and spiritually. Man is being reduced to citizen, citizen to soldier, soldier to mechanical robot — but a robot more terrible than a Frankenstein because it is endowed with the dynamism which comes from passions and a living brain, a brain not extinguished but formed and deformed by planned "engineering of the soul."

The robot society is especially dangerous because it has at its disposal all the latest devices of science, of mass education, mass suggestion, mass manipulation of emotion and belief. Insofar as the Soviet school, supplemented by the Soviet press and the means of adult indoctrination, and by the Soviet police, purge and concentration camp, can accomplish it — here is the "engineered" and mass-produced man of the future. Today in the Soviet Union, tomorrow the world. "Oh, brave new world, that has such people in it!"

THE CHECK LIST



(Continued from page 5)

and more pretentious tomes could. Mr. Amory is not altogether sure that the Cabots, Hallowells, Frothinghams, Lowells, Saltonstalls and Otises are really dwindling; towards the end, indeed, he makes a valiant attempt to prove that they still have influence — and are reproducing themselves better than some think. But his own evidence, as displayed earlier in his book, contradicts him. In any case, he presents a large number of anecdotes, some of them almost incredible in the snobbishness they reveal, and in almost every case he gives names and direct quotes. While Mr. Amory is generally content to let his “interviews with Bostonians” tell their own stories, he at times assumes the rôle of critic, as when he denounces the late President Lowell of Harvard for his unfortunate part in the disposition of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. This is the first volume in Dutton’s Society in America Series, and it is first-rate.

A PATTERN OF POLITICS, by August Heckscher. \$3.00. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. This book is the gallant and generally intelligent effort of a young upstate New York newspaper editor to remove the stigma from partisan politics, as practiced in this country, and demonstrate its “durable and goodly values.” Mr. Heckscher notes that the founding fathers, in their earnest quest for unity, shunned all political partisanship as disruptive “factionalism.” The result, he maintains, was fully as bad as the thing feared, to wit, a sterile, enforced uniformity which put the brakes on progress of any sort. The only valid unity, the author contends, is one fashioned out of the natural interplay of economic, social, regional and other groups. This the New Deal tried

to accomplish, in his opinion, but it failed to regulate the various group interests, and a wild scramble for selfish advantage ensued. In expounding his thesis, Mr. Heckscher also criticizes all forms of collectivism and economic determinism as representing types of imposed unity. Unfortunately, however, he fails to tell with any exactness just how his scheme of unity out of diversity, and of politics shorn of bossism, corruption and selfishness, is to be realized.

JOBS FOR WOMEN OVER 35, by Julietta K. Arthur. \$3.50. *Prentice-Hall*. There are 6 million female breadwinners over 35 in the United States today, and the discrimination against them in industry has come to be a major social problem. In this valuable book, Mrs. Arthur has performed two services: she has provided an apparently invincible argument for hiring these women, and she has indicated the fields (such as insurance, housekeeping, real estate, even factory work) in which they are most likely to find employment. She proves, statistically, that women over 35 tend to be less expensive and more productive for their employers.

BIOGRAPHY

THE GIFT OF LIFE, by W. E. Woodward. \$4.75. *Dutton*. Mr. Woodward was born in South Carolina in 1874, and has achieved success in journalism, advertising, business, banking and writing. He has written excellent biographies, histories and novels. Here he rambles pleasantly through the more interesting phases of his life — “like a letter to an old friend” — and few people who begin reading the book will fail to finish it. For there is much wisdom in it, and also sharp

insight, fine characterization and very good writing. Mr. Woodward met most of the eminent ones of his day in this country, and was taken in by very few of them. Way back in the 1930s, for example, he had lunch with Henry A. Wallace, and says that when the subject of the revision of the tariff came up, Wallace said, "Prayer would help. When a whole nation prays reforms get done." When Mr. Woodward said he couldn't decide what to do next, Wallace said, "Let God decide; He knows best." There are several photographs.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE'S AMERICA, by Walter Johnson. \$5.00. *Holt*. This formal biography nicely complements the same author's excellent edition of the *Selected Letters of William Allen White*. It is written with great care and out of a vast fund of information, and it is also full of many shrewd remarks. Mr. Johnson claims no originality or any considerable creativeness for White, but he believes that "within the last twenty-odd years of his life, he became the folk-hero of the middle class." It would be extremely difficult to contradict this interpretation, though there was probably more complexity to White than Mr. Johnson sees. There was a good deal of the frustrated poet and fiction writer in White, and possibly also a touch of the politician. Perhaps the chief lack in Mr. Johnson's book is the rapidity with which he passes over Mr. White's fiction, which can still be read with profit. But altogether, the present book is a very able job. There are many photographs.

HARRY TRUMAN, A Political Biography, by William P. Helm. \$3.00. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce*. Mr. Helm has here contributed the first modest essay at a biography of President Truman, with results not calculated to immortalize the author. The latter, a Washington newspaperman who seems to have known Truman intimately since he entered the Senate, has limited himself to the period of his personal acquaintance with the President; and narrowed the scope of his book further by devoting all but the last three pages to Truman's career as Senator and Vice-President. What there is is undiluted eulogy, out of which Truman emerges as an utterly fantastic composite of all the virtues ("a prince of good

fellows"; "his voice was soft and his speech was homey"; "not once did I ever see him under the slightest influence of liquor"; "he lived cleanly and was honorable in his relations with his fellow men," etc.).

HISTORY

THE TIMES OF MELVILLE AND WHITMAN, by Van Wyck Brooks. \$5.00. *Dutton*. This is the fourth volume in Mr. Brooks' projected "history of the literary life in America," of which the preceding volumes have been *The Flowering of New England*, *The World of Washington Irving* and *New England: Indian Summer*. The chief figures who pass through the present volume are, in addition to Melville and Whitman, Mark Twain, Sidney Lanier, Joel Chandler Harris, George Cable, James Fenimore Cooper, William Cullen Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Bret Harte, William Dean Howells and Bayard Taylor. But there are a great many minor figures also, for some of whom Mr. Brooks seems to have a greater affection than for some of the major figures. As before in this series, Mr. Brooks is chiefly interested in "the literary life," not in the literature produced. He is anecdotal rather than critical, and in his mode of presentation he apparently prefers description to penetration. Thus many critical readers will look upon the present volume, as upon the previous ones in this series, as little better than good sociology or higher feature writing, unworthy of a mind such as Mr. Brooks'. But the general public should find the book vastly entertaining and highly readable. Few American literary scholars carry their learning so lightly as Mr. Brooks.

LAND OF LIBERTY, Being an Informal History of the Common People and their Heroes, by Fred Hamlin. \$3.50. *Crowell*. In this interesting contribution to our growing literature on Americana, Mr. Hamlin has reviewed the histories of twenty-odd statesmen, demagogues and revivalists who have, at various times, captured the imagination of the American masses. As usual with such collections, it is easy to criticize the author's choices: why, for example was a whole section devoted to a Salvation Army leader named "Joe the Turk" Garabed while William

Jennings Bryan was omitted entirely? But aside from this, Mr. Hamlin's book is useful and thoroughly readable. Incidentally, there is no mention of Henry Wallace, the current self-proclaimed champion of the "Common People."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

HUNGARY, *The Unwilling Satellite*, by John Flournoy Montgomery. \$3.00. *Devin-Adair*. This volume is not, as its title might lead one to expect, primarily concerned with the recent Communist *coup* in Hungary: Mr. Montgomery's material on this matter is all contained in a brief chapter toward the end of the book, and contributes nothing to what is already known. The author, who was once U. S. Minister to Hungary, has written instead a rambling account of Hungarian and all Central European political history over the past twenty years. He is generally sympathetic to the Horthy régime and to the other right-wing dictatorships of Central Europe, which he appears to believe were the main enemies of the Nazis.

RIVER PLATE REPUBLICS, *Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay*, by Betty de Sherbinin. \$4.00. *Coward-McCann*. **LANDS OF THE ANDES**, *Peru and Bolivia*, by T. B. Ybarra. \$4.00. *Coward-McCann*. **THE RAINBOW REPUBLICS**, *Central America*, by Ralph Hancock. \$4.00. *Coward-McCann*. These three volumes are the first in an "Invitation to Travel Series" being published under the direction of Lowell Brentano and Ralph Hancock; six more volumes are to appear within the next year. The present works are generally successful combinations of travelogues and guidebooks. Miss de Sherbinin traveled 20,000 miles through Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay to gather up-to-date information on hotel accommodations, theatres, newspapers, transportation facilities, sports, banking and even organized vice. There is also a vast amount of information packed into the book on the nations' social and historical backgrounds. Ybarra's volume is distinguished by an amusing style and the author's success in digging up interesting, out-of-the-way material which cannot be found elsewhere. Ralph Hancock's book is interesting mainly for its descriptions of picturesque

Indian villages which still retain their pre-Columbian customs and beliefs. His material on the forgotten cities, temples and palaces, some of them older than Egypt's pyramids, is fascinating. All three books are carefully indexed, and the two on South America have large maps of the continent attached to them.

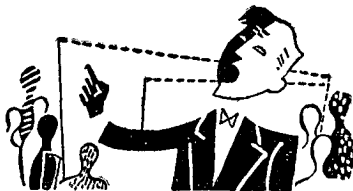
THE CULTURAL APPROACH, *Another Way in International Relations*, by Ruth McMurphy and Muna Lee. \$3.50. *North Carolina*. This volume makes a very simple point: that in recent years many nations have undertaken "cultural" programs designed to acquaint the rest of the world with their respective cultures. The bulk of the book consists of a historical survey of the extent to which these programs have been carried out in France, Germany, Japan, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, Latin America and the United States. Unfortunately, the authors often seem to have only the fuzziest notion of the distinction between cultural interchange and propaganda — a defect which makes their discussion of Soviet cultural organizations almost useless. They also appear to have an exaggerated opinion of the importance of these interchanges in promoting world peace.

STRUGGLE FOR GERMANY, by Russell Hill. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. A journalist's brief review of the occupation of Germany. Mr. Hill's belief is that Germany must not be split between East and West, but must be helped to become a "bridge-country" between the two. Czechoslovakia is his model. With this in mind he suggests ways and means of ensuring the permanent demilitarization of Germany, and argues for the reconstruction of its economy along generally socialist lines. He fails, however, to be convincing on the subject of getting the Soviets to go along on the plan.

THE REVOLT OF ASIA, by Robert Payne. \$3.50. *John Day*. Mr. Payne, who is surely one of the most prolific writers alive, has brought to this book on the Asiatic revolutionary movements a poet's vision, a vast amount of new material and a naïveté that is at times almost embarrassing. "The march of freedom during the last 150

(Continued on page 127)

THE OPEN FORUM



ARE JOURNALISM SCHOOLS A FAILURE?

SIR: I have read with much interest and some amusement Chet Vonier's article ["The Failure of Journalism Schools"] in the October AMERICAN MERCURY. It is full of inaccuracies. I cannot believe but that Mr. Vonier himself would have fired any reporter who turned in a piece like this without checking his sources to make sure of his facts.

But let's just take the Medill School of Journalism, which he graciously admits is one of the best.

A. "Since its endowment came from the founder of the Chicago *Tribune*, the school must follow largely the journalistic precepts of Col. Robert R. McCormick."

(1) The founder of the Chicago *Tribune* was dead long before this school came into existence 25 years ago. (2) The Chicago *Tribune* has provided *no endowment* for this school. (3) In the ten years since I left active newspaper work to take over this school no one on the *Tribune* has ever attempted to dictate our policies, or even to make a suggestion as to our program. The *Tribune* cooperates with us, as do the *Daily News*, the *Times*, the *Sun* and the *Herald American*, in providing staff members or any other help we desire. We are as free to criticize the *Tribune* as we are to criticize any other paper.

B. "The Medill school is less a professional institution than the Columbia college."

How does Mr. Vonier know? Has he ever been here to see, or is this the glib assumption of an Eastern provincial? We'll stack our news-editorial sequence up against anything Columbia has to offer and our managing editors say they would rather have a Medill man than a Columbia graduate.

C. Mr. Vonier then goes on to cite the courses we offer, outside the news editorial sequence, in advertising, radio and magazine work and says:

"With so many journalistic subjects the student has little opportunity to fulfill the minimum requirement in liberal arts."

It is evident that Mr. Vonier has had access to one of our catalogues, but it would appear somewhat doubtful if he can read. He should have discovered that a student elects his professional sequence. If he takes the news-editorial sequence he takes one program of professional courses; if he decides on the advertising-business sequence he takes still another program of courses. No student can take all of these courses. He could not possibly do so and meet his liberal arts requirements.

When I came here we had a great many useless journalism courses. I streamlined the program and cut the journalism requirements down to a few essential courses in each sequence.

D. "The student has little opportunity to fulfill more than the minimum requirements in liberal arts, which include a year of laboratory science or mathematics, a year of literature and 30 quarter hours of social science, including a year in American or European history."

Again I maintain that Mr. Vonier cannot read, did not take the trouble to read our requirements thoroughly or deliberately selected only part of our requirements in order to buttress his case.

The requirements he has cited above are *only a part of our requirements for the first two years* in our pre-professional program. Our Freshmen and Sophomores must complete: (1) a year of mathematics or natural science — 12 hrs.; (2) a year of Freshman English, a more advanced course in composition and a year course in literature for a total of — 24-27 hrs.; (3) a year in American or European history — 12 hrs.; the first course in American government — 8 hrs.; principles of Economics — 8 hrs.; introductory courses in Psychology and Sociology — 8 hrs.

These are minimum requirements for the *first two years* only. These 72 hours may be supplemented by work in foreign language, or additional history, political science, philosophy, or economics courses. Mr. Vonier entirely failed to report our junior-senior requirements. "Each student must complete a field of concentration or major in a liberal arts field and two related fields or minors. Most of our students take their fields in political science, history, economics or English. These majors required of journalism students are stiffer in most cases than those required of liberal arts graduates. And these majors and minors are *over and above* the freshman-sophomore requirements listed on the preceding page.

Our students complete the first four years of their program with as broad and thorough a liberal arts background as do any liberal arts graduates. But it is a purposeful program designed to give the student hoping to go into journalism, the background which will be most useful to him. On this campus journalism is known as the toughest school in the university.

We tried Columbia's plan first but found that liberal arts graduates so often came to us with a dilettante selection of arts courses which did not embrace the solid background we needed. Hence we set up our pre-professional division to make sure that our students came to their fifth or graduate year with the right background.

It is in the fifth year that we concentrate on journalism just as does Columbia. We get many graduates of liberal arts colleges for graduate work. But unlike Columbia we do not shoot them out with just a one-year cram course in Journalism. We look at each man's background and if there are gaps in that background we fill them in. Many a graduate of Yale, Princeton or Harvard spends two years getting his master's degree instead of the one year he would spend at Columbia, for he may come to us with insufficient background in history, political science, economics or other related fields, and has to make up that deficiency first.

We make no apologies for our journalism courses either. Our graduate course in Reporting of Public Affairs is a better course in Political Science than any course our Political Science department offers and it's down to earth and practical too. Our beginning courses in reporting are taught by men with long experience as city editors, who now have time to work with their cubs on assignments as they never had time to do as city editors. Our News Editing course is taught by the heads of copydesks on our Chicago papers and the boys who complete this workout can hold their own on any copydesk. We can and

do give these boys a running start on their jobs which enables them to go faster and farther when they get out.

And where did Mr. Vonier ever get the idea that journalism graduates are not in demand? I have been here ten years now and we have had 100 per cent placement every year. I say that with this qualification: there are always a few of the girls who get married and thus remove themselves. But any student who wants a job can have one. In fact most years we have many more jobs than graduates. It's the old story of the "better mousetrap." If you turn out a good product it's soon in demand. Many newspapers come to us every time they have a vacancy, for they say our men have a sounder educational background and a better professional training than any others. Since I started this letter I've had three long-distance phone calls wanting men for jobs. . . .

Will you please tell Mr. Vonier that he has grossly misrepresented our program, and though he was gracious enough to admit that we were one of the best, nevertheless he is guilty of an unfair and inaccurate presentation of facts. . . .

KENNETH E. OLSON

*Dean, Medill School of Journalism
Evanston, Ill.*

SIR: Had Chet Vonier, author of the article on the journalism schools in the October issue, had the good fortune to attend almost any of the accredited schools he never would have permitted himself to commit the host of mistakes and use of so many false premises as he does in that inaccurate article. For example: after listing a variety of courses in radio, advertising, fiction, circulation, and many other subjects he declares that "with so many journalistic subjects, the student has little opportunity to fulfill more than the minimum requirements in the liberal arts . . ." Vonier is not aware that students never take all these courses; in fact, they take only 25 per cent journalism and all the rest is liberal arts. Such courses are grouped by sequences, and students take several basic ones and then specialize according to vocational interest and aptitude. This article is riddled with such major inaccuracies.

ROLAND E. WOLSELEY

*Professor of Journalism
Syracuse, N. Y.*

SIR: Dean Olson and Professor Wolseley take me to task for what they charge are inaccuracies and misrepresentations. But except for their categorical statements that they are competent teachers of journalism, their replies consist chiefly of picking flyspecks out of pepper.

The clippings which I sent you under separate cover attest, I believe, the soundness of my premise. When newspapers of such influence as the *Milwaukee Journal* call for a revaluation of journalistic education, any personal response to these protests would seem superfluous. And when the dean of a leading school of journalism implies that his courses — and those of all other schools — are out of date, the evidence seems to be sufficient without any further statement to the jury from me.

There are one or two points, however, I should like to make in reply to these gentlemen. I did not say in my article that the students were required to take all the subjects listed, but I enumerated the courses to show how far afield students of journalism were being taken. Since my article was written, I have learned of another school which has instituted a course in the study of comic strips!

I confess an error in reporting that the endowment for the Medill School of Journalism came from the founder of the *Chicago Tribune*. This is incorrect. The school was established with funds provided by the *Chicago Tribune* itself. Professor Olson himself appears so well indoctrinated with the fanatic sectionalism of Colonel McCormick that he can only attribute adverse criticism to the "glib assumption of an Eastern provincial."

Do the schools of journalism offer an adequate liberal education? I quote from a Madison dispatch to the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, dated October 18, 1947:

Charges that the University of Wisconsin's journalism schools courses are "stagnant and obsolete" will be considered by the faculty "self-analysis" committee, a university spokesman said yesterday. The committee has been named to prepare a long-range program of university betterment.

Meanwhile, Professor Grant M. Hyde, journalism school director, maintained that the courses offered at Madison are the same given at other major schools. He said, "If we are out of date, so are all the other schools."

The journalism school was taken to task by Robert Sollen, a columnist on the student newspaper, the *Daily Cardinal*. Sollen has transferred to the college of letters and science. Three other students are reported to have transferred.

Sollen's blast followed an article on the inadequacies of journalism schools published in the October *AMERICAN MERCURY*.

"You have urged us to get a major in courses in addition to journalism," Sollen said, "yet

as Vonier says, 'with so many journalistic subjects, the student has little opportunity to fulfill more than the minimum requirements in liberal arts.' Further, there are so many scattered courses, that squeezing in a second major is virtually impossible.

"I intend to go into political reporting. Yet were I to remain in journalism school, I could wedge in only 14 political science credits, while I am forced to take 24 credits in French."

The inference to be drawn seems to be that while the journalism courses seem inadequate to both newspapers and to students, they are eminently satisfactory to the journalism professors — with a few exceptions.

CHET VONIER

Milwaukee, Wis.

SIR: My hearty congratulations on publishing Vonier's "The Failure of Journalism Schools." The article makes substantial contributions to important discussions of a pressing problem.

Vonier sums up very well the case against the journalism *trade* school. It is a case resembling that which has and should be made against the engineering, business administration, and education *trade* schools. I just hope that Vonier's readers do not get the impression one should throw out the baby with the bath. Hutchins' one hundred volumes of reports on past struggles and inspirations is not a liberal education either.

As a firm advocate of broad and sound liberal arts education as a preparation for modern citizenship, I am nevertheless convinced of the desirability of providing college students with a modest but vivid thread of practical projects throughout their curricula. Such projects — whether journalistic or some other — provide means for bringing theories into relationship with practical problems. In the physical and biological sciences, this can be and is done in the laboratory. In the social sciences and the humanities, laboratory experiences can only adequately be provided through work in a journalism laboratory that ends in a printed product, a social work agency with live patients, a sales project, an art studio with exhibits to the public, a dramatic workshop that produces plays, a political project in cooperation with real politicians, or whatever — under suitable supervision. . . .

Again my congratulations to Vonier. I hope that a great many educational leaders read his article and weigh it carefully.

ALFRED MCCLUNG LEB
Visiting Professor of Journalism,
University of Michigan

Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE BIBLE ON HUMAN IMMORTALITY

SIR: In the October AMERICAN MERCURY [see "The Open Forum"] Laurice Walker says that "our souls live on forever." Where does she get that? *Not from the Bible*. That book never once mentions our "immortal soul." Jesus warned us to fear Him "who is able to *destroy* both *soul* and *body* in Gehenna."

Only God possesses immortality. Jesus *received* immortality at his resurrection. He did not have it before because God had planned that Jesus should be the Redeemer. Now he is "alive forevermore." Faithful members of his mystic church are promised immortality and the spirit life. The Jews of the Old Testament were promised an earthly resurrection, but not immortality. Certainly the world has no such promise. . . .

JAMES PADEN

Gravette, Ark.

THE SEXUAL DOUBLE STANDARD

SIR: I am an eighteen-year-old girl who sincerely hopes that you are not going to let Waverley Root's article "Sex and the Double Standard" [in the October AMERICAN MERCURY] go by the board without allowing some letters of rebuttal to be published. . . .

Mr. Root speaks of divorces in America wrecking homes. I will concede that this is certainly true. But . . . the wreckage of the immortal soul via the double standard is immeasurably more disastrous.

PATRICIA O'HALLORAN

St. Louis, Mo.

SIR: Mr. Waverley Root did a magnificent job in bringing to light some important and practical aspects of physical relations with his article, "Sex and the Double Standard."

But sincerely, didn't Mr. Root's fundamental logic and common sense sag down to the point where his conclusions were of little value? Or is his philosophy one of "Don't do unto my wife what I prefer to do unto yours"?

I would like to ask Mr. Root just where are the men of this Nation to find all of those extra women who are to satisfy the men when they begin to tire of their wives. Are they to seek other men's wives? He states that, "nothing breaks up a marriage more surely than infidelity on the part of the wife."

Then does he mean that all of our men are to

go to the few "ladies" who have dedicated their lives to the satisfying of unsatisfied males? To say that a woman who has "satisfied" a hundred or so other men could give a fellow a greater exotic thrill than his own wife is an insult to the character of every American husband.

DEVON W. FLANINGAM

Craufordsville, Ind.

SIR: I think Mr. Flaningam is attributing to me a rôle to which I do not aspire. I am not *advocating* male marital infidelity. I am only recording my observation that it exists.

I do not aspire either to the rôle of guide to available ladies. But, again recording simply an observation, I might point out to Mr. Flaningam that the two categories of wives and prostitutes do not exhaust the possibilities of the infinitely various female sex. There are also always in circulation at any given time a considerable number of ladies who (a) are not yet married, (b) are no longer married or (c), having given a searching glance at the males about them, have no intention of ever getting married. There are also areas like the state of Massachusetts, where women once (I will not vouch for the figure at the moment) outnumbered men three to one. In justice to its women, Massachusetts might well expect every man to do his duty.

But although it is possible for the unfaithful male to indulge his penchant for philandering without having recourse either to professionals or to the wives of others, it may be set down as a third and final observation that he frequently does pick on other men's wives—a process which, it may be remarked in passing, involves the consent of the lady. Mr. Flaningam notes quite correctly that if the recipe for successful marriage includes fidelity on the part of the wife and infidelity on the part of the husband, there is a basic incompatibility between the two attitudes (assuming, as he does, that all respectable persons are neatly and legally paired off) which would result in broken marriages. It does result in precisely that. The incompatibility, in other words, is no invention of mine and does not exist solely as a flaw in my logic. It exists in fact. Our soaring divorce figures prove it.

WAVERLEY ROOT

Chelsea, Vi.

SIR: Waverley Root's article on "Sex and the Double Standard" was the best I have ever read on the subject. This is a man's world, but women have been trying to get their foot in the door for fifty years. Mr. Root was right in saying nature arranged physiology, and that a man usu-

ally divorces his wife for unfaithfulness. My wife and I had two sons. She insisted that, as it took only eighteen months to bring them into the world, while the harem of a horse was constantly bringing colts into the world, the same standards did not apply to her. Well, she is still a woman. The second time I came home after midnight to find her gone I divorced her. She did not contest the divorce because, she said, she had not made me happy.

Unhappiness had nothing to do with it. She was being unfaithful to me. I am sending her a copy of this article to show her that the double standard is not just a selfish invention of my own. That's what she seemed to think it was. I'm glad for a magazine to uphold men and put women in their place. Let's have more articles like this and I'll continue to buy your magazine.

JOHN C. CANNON

Davenport, Ia.

THE RADIO COMMENTATORS

SIR: In Giraud Chester's interesting "Power of the Radio Commentator" in the September MERCURY he writes: "The 31 New York commentators who organized the exclusive Association of Radio News Analysts in 1942, under H. V. Kaltenborn's leadership, excluded a number of their colleagues, apparently *because of doubts about their competence.*" [The italics are mine. Where did Mr. Chester get that excuse.]

When my friend and colleague Kaltenborn invited me to be his guest at the Association, I noticed at least one gentleman in authority who would scarcely welcome other colleagues, not because of doubts about their competence but because of their political beliefs. Here we had an important body of men who were given highly prized secrets of war by leading members of the Allied Governments — commentators who included men who spoke rather for Russia than for the land of their adoption. The question of "competence" could hardly arise. How could that be judged? A "competent" commentator would be more likely to reach the networks than merely local men — some of whom were given preference.

As I write I see that the State department is weeding out Communists, Fascists and Nazis. I wonder whether the ARNA will do the same — or at least warn speakers before they disclose confidential information to the Association in the belief that it is safe to do so.

SYDNEY MOSELEY

London, England

SIR: Article III, Section 1 of ARNA's Constitution reads: "The Association shall consist exclusively of United States citizens whose qualifications, in the judgment of the members, shall warrant their election to either Active or Inactive Membership, in accordance with procedure set forth in the By-Laws of this Constitution." Admission to Active Membership "shall be limited to those who are regularly engaged in the preparation and broadcasting of their own analyses of the news for American radio stations and who do not voice what are commonly known as 'commercial.'" Section 3 of ARNA's By-Laws reads: "Candidates for Membership must set forth in writing to the Executive Board in satisfactory detail their qualifications for membership. At its next regular meeting, the Executive Board shall consider and vote on each application for membership and if more than one blackball is cast against an applicant, he is excluded."

It seems to me these provisions induce the reasonable assumption that competence was a factor in excluding many commentators from membership. Mr. Moseley's suggestion that pro-Soviet political beliefs were a yardstick for admission does not account for the fact that such men as Upton Close and Charles Hodges were members of the organization and that H. V. Kaltenborn was the association's guiding influence. If Mr. Moseley believes that some ARNA members are Communists, Fascists, or Nazis, he would help this country more by citing their names and supplying adequate supporting evidence, instead of making generalized assertions that serve unfairly to malign the whole association.

GIRAUD CHESTER

Ithaca, N. Y.

BUTTER VS. MARGARINE

SIR: As a MERCURY devotee — and an occasional contributor of articles to your magazine since 1934 — I have never read anything in your publication that ever irritated, much less infuriated me. But the article "Butter vs. Margarine" by Hugh Kenny [in the August issue] and the subsequent letter by Robert S. Monahan [in "The Open Forum" for November] praising it, did it. Here's why:

The whole theme of Kenny's article was that the enemies of margarine are tools of the Butter or Dairy Trust; that nobody who could call his soul his own would be in favor of taxing the margarine manufacturers; that there are no natural and unbribed enemies of margarine, etc.

Well, brother, stand up and count one right

here in the back seat. I have no connection with the Dairy Trust. I do not even have a speaking acquaintance with the milkman. I am beholden to no one, directly or indirectly, in the industry; yet let me tell you frankly and plainly I am enthusiastically *for* taxes on the margarine manufacturers; I would like to see them taxed until nobody can buy their products, and if possible I would like to see them run out of business.

Yes, Mr. Editor, and don't think I am the only one. The reason the so-called Butter Trust is so successful is because they don't *have* to bribe or persuade millions of people, including legislators, to vote their way. They are naturally *for* butter and *against* margarine, these millions.

Why? I'll tell you why. Because millions of people love good food. They hate substitutes, no matter how cheap and ingenious they are. Especially is this true of butter. Try to fool anyone who loves the rich, clean, sweet taste of pure butter with an oily, insipid thing called margarine and you will insult their intelligence. There is something nauseating about suggesting a substitute for Nature's own goodness. There is something evasive — almost dishonest about it.

Also, on the matter of nutrition, why didn't Mr. Kenny tell his readers that butter has a nutritive value per pound of 15,000 international units of Vitamin A, while plain margarine is considered to have no Vitamin A value! (See U. S. Department of Agriculture Misc. Pub. No. 572, pages 19-21.) Even margarine, with Vitamin A added by the manufacturers, only has 9000 units. But why bother to get margarine, even with Vitamin A artificially added, when you can get 6000 more units in real, pure butter? Why a substitute?

Tax the margarine industry? Of course, we should tax it. We should run the makers of phony butter — or phony anything — out of business! Come on, everybody. *Hold that line!*

HUGH RUSSELL FRASER

Washington, D. C.

SIR: Mr. Fraser has missed some salient points in "Butter vs. Margarine."

The constituents of margarine are products of "Nature's goodness" as much as those of butter.

The constant, year-round Vitamin A content of fortified margarine is 15,000 USP units per pound which compares with the fluctuating values in natural butter from 20,000 units in summer to as little as 500 units per pound in winter.

The "texture and other characteristics" of margarine "especially taste, are so similar to butter that even professional butter-scorers,

whose jobs largely depend on keen taste discrimination, have been fooled."

These corrections of Mr. Fraser's impressions, all indicated in the original article, do not deny his right to his own opinion and aesthetics.

But in the name of simple justice to the manufacturers of a wholesome food at a price within the reach of all, I must deplore Mr. Fraser's incontinent eagerness "to see them taxed until nobody can buy their products, and if possible . . . to see them run out of business."

The future fortune of the margarine industry, however, is of microscopic importance compared to the enormity of the method Mr. Fraser suggests. For, used as a weapon, it is all too true that "the power to tax is the power to destroy," and I cannot exaggerate my great regret that any contributor to the *MERCURY* can be so misled as to advocate this kind of insidious and underhanded method which could extend to every phase of American life once it was significantly used.

HUBERT A. KENNY

New Preston, Conn.

THE CATHOLIC- PROTESTANT FEUD

SIR: Congratulations on Alson J. Smith's unbiased, factual article on "The Catholic-Protestant Feud" in the November *AMERICAN MERCURY*. . . .

MEDORA S. BASS

Bridgeton, N. J.

SIR: You're *really* asking for it, aren't you? — "discussions of the religious problem as it affects the various planes of life." Congratulations; may God preserve you and His angels be your protection.

There is, of course, a natural-enough fear that such a discussion can hardly be held in check for all your editorial vigilance, that it will fast deteriorate (it hasn't far to go) into the type of You're-Another platform exemplified rather well, I think, by the letter you printed in your November "Open Forum" entitled "Inside the Catholic Church" and written by myself. Thank you for all that space (this is not a bid for more, just a shooting off of the mouth), but seeing the letter in type like that only dramatized for me the danger crouching in it and others like it. That danger is, simply, the harm done by printing uninformed opinion written on emotional stilts, no matter how loudly your editors proclaim their *This-is-not-us-talking* character.

Not only that, but my letter was obviously meant to appeal to the Maria-Monk type of Protestant. Then along comes (and in the same issue, too, you dogs) the "Catholic-Protestant Feud" article by the Reverend (Methodist) Alson J. Smith, with: "... this new anti-Catholicism . . . is *not* the traditional Pope-hating of the ignorant Protestant bigot." I was caught at half-mast. You realize, of course, that there *are* these two planes of religious debate: the Reverend Smith's informed level and the man-in-the-street's Indulgences-for-Sale type. The trouble lies in the fact that the higher level innocently inspires and feeds the lower. The people I work among are not especially interested in facts, statistics or historical résumés: give them a catch-phrase, a dismembered quotation, a slanted sentence, a half truth — that's all they want. We eat, sleep and vote Slogans.

Will your desk not be buried, I venture to ask, beneath letters from worried Protestants decrying the Catholic Church's "announced" intention to merge Church and State? Then please remember (as the Reverend Smith did not) that it is dangerous on the lower debate-level and a little silly on the higher to print only the dissenting, minority opinion expressed on a Supreme Court case which touches on just that Protestant phobia, passing unstated the *majority, official, deciding* verdict.

You will receive demands for Mr. Taylor's recall, of course, from people influenced by the Reverend Smith's assertion that "official Protestantism is solidly opposed to [his appointment]," which may or may not be true, depending on interpretations of "official Protestantism" and "solidly." We have all heard and read many Protestant declarations contradicting the Reverend Smith's flat statement, but perhaps we are to be excused for not realizing just what actually constitutes "official Protestantism." Most of my Protestant friends are quick to deny there *is* such a body, policy, or even attitude. The Reverend Smith's condescending admission that the "legal point [of the Taylor issue] is arguable" is swamped by his general slant of that section in his article. . . .

But good night, lookit this. . . . I think what I really started out to say was that I sincerely doubt the wisdom of printing uninformed opinion of any type on this issue, as well as printing "informed" opinion from either side without a complementing informed-reply tacked to it in the *same issue*. Because after all, one can always — pardon, *almost* always — answer a lifted-quote with another lifted-quote, given the time to dig for one. And let's not kid our-

selves that anyone, ANYONE, can remain 100 per cent objective during a religious discussion.

R. G. GALLAGHER

Lancaster, Pa.

SIR: . . . Having gone to college down in his part of Pennsylvania I can sympathize with Mr. Gallagher; in spite of his good humor he must be a very lonely Irishman at times. He's pretty far behind enemy lines.

And of course I agree with him that neither of us can be 100 per cent objective. It was the editor of the *MERCURY* who attributed "objectivity" to me — I wouldn't make such a claim for myself. In this respect I am like the old Mormon farmer who had been preceded to heaven by two beloved wives. When asked with which he preferred to be buried when his own time came, he replied: "Bury me in the exact middle, but tilt me a little towards Tillie." I don't mind being tilted a little towards Protestantism.

On the Myron Taylor issue, there are of course spectacular dissents within Protestantism — to wit, Mr. Harold Stassen — just as there are spectacular Catholic dissents on Franco. But as far as I know the governing bodies of the leading denominations have all spoken out strongly in opposition to the continuance of the Taylor mission. These statements have been put into booklet form, and if Mr. Gallagher would care to have a copy he can get it by writing to Dr. Joseph M. Dawson, c/o The Baptist Joint Conference Committee on Public Relations, Washington, D. C.

In a letter appearing in the same issue of the *MERCURY* that carried my article, Mr. Gallagher denies that Catholics take their pastors with them on their honeymoons or are awaiting the Second Coming of Al Smith (both debatable points, by the way) and says, dammit, that he'd like to hear just one intelligent objection to "the Church" on the doctrinal level. Just as a starter, I'd like to object to two Catholic doctrines — the infallibility of the Pope (not discovered until 1870) and the celibacy of the clergy (neither believed in nor practiced by the early church).

In his previous letter, Mr. Gallagher recommended the substitution of Reinhold Niebuhr for Maria Monk as Protestant literary fare. Well, I don't know. I've eaten with Reiny, listened to him talk, studied him. Back in the days when he thought that the wages of sin was death and not a check from *Life*, Reiny was a pretty stimulating guy. He always put on a good show. But now I'm inclined to think there's more meat on Maria.

ALSON J. SMITH

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